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INTRODUCTION.

ON THE UTILITY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

"Talk Logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise Rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and Poetry, use to quicken you;
The Mathematics, and the Metaphysics:
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief sir, study what you most affect."

Taming of the Shrew.

Nor more necessary is the courtesy of ceremony, upon the first presentation of a stranger to a new society, than is the wholesome ceremony of introduction, upon the first appearance of a new candidate for literary favor. It is true, that, upon either occasion, there may be a portion of inward coquetry, and a more than fair share of mental satisfaction in the mind of *each*, that he is worthy of all the laud and praise which may fall to his share, though *neither* will show so much want of tact, as to appropriate the compliments which good-breeding is ever ready to bestow. Yet is this ceremony of great utility to both, as well as to society in general. For in the first case, the stranger feels himself called upon to use his best exertions, in order to make good impressions on those around him, and to do credit to the friends who have brought him into the circle; and the latter feels himself pledged to substantiate, to the best of his ability, the pretensions he has asserted, and the claims which he prefers to public favor.

Here, however, the similitude ends;—for the world has no right to call upon a stranger to make himself amiable, agreeable, or useful. People may discountenance that which they do not approve,—but they cannot affect him as a free agent. The literary man is very differently situated; he has, himself, stepped forth and courted notoriety, and he is bound to satisfy the general query. He cannot be ignorant that it is in obscurity only, if any where, there is freedom from assault; that, from such a state he voluntarily emerges; he offers himself as a mark for every shaft that may be fairly and openly levelled at him, and he must abide the issue without flinching.

On the other hand, the world has a right to inquire,—particularly in the present state of literature, and when periodicals of such various classes and pretensions are ushered continually to the public view,—what can have induced or encouraged a fresh candidate to enter the arena, or what benefit can ensue to any party, from travelling in a path beaten hard and trackless by so many feet, and where the fruit on all sides is already gathered so carefully? Is there anything, in the species of literature here brought to notice, that can do more than beguile an hour of relaxation; or if even there be, is the happy discovery of additional benefits only now effected? Are mankind to derive advantages, or to find amusements, of a superior nature to those, which have yet fallen to their lot, and is this to prove the honored vehicle for their dissemination? Has the new adventurer had the becoming fear before his eyes, of possible failure in his enterprise, and of falling—as thousands before him have fallen—into the abyss of things—into blank oblivion;—or has the demon of conceit possessed him, and excited him to expose the poverty of his soul? In short, to what does the work pretend, and how are its pretensions to be supported?

Not only does all this fall within the scope of a reasonable inquiry, as concerning one party, but the other is bound to give a full and satisfactory reply to it; and in doing so, it will not be sufficient to prove care, industry, or even skill in the execution, unless to these can be added *utility* in the design. All the world now profess to be Utilitarians; recreation itself must have information to recommend it; and, in the intellectual state of society at which we have arrived, it becomes a duty imperative on the literary caterer, not only to dress and serve up his viands with propriety and taste, but to select also such as shall be at once attractive and wholesome, so that, whilst they refresh, they may likewise strengthen the recipient. The answer, therefore, to such an inquiry, is of no small difficulty, and to make it complete and satisfactory, it will be well to consider the nature of periodical literature, and the effects which it is capable of producing on the state of mankind.

Near the middle of the nineteenth century, we may venture to assert that there are few things which have a more direct tendency to enlighten the general mind, and to refine the sentiments of the general community, than the species of literature which is known under the title of *Periodical*. Its *use* is of a peculiar nature; consisting, not so much, in the quantity of information which it directly communicates upon any given subject, though even that is incidentally both extensive and important—as in awakening, by the general views which it takes of a great variety of subjects, a salutary curiosity and desire, which can only be satisfied by continual additions to the knowledge already possessed; and, by pointing out, in most cases, the sources from whence such additional knowledge may be derived. From its very title, implying a great diversity of subject-matter, and from its form, showing the necessity either of condensation, or of outline, in treating upon important facts; yet, on either ground, affording points of rest to general readers, whose attention will not bear to be too long on the stretch, and supplying heads or hints for further consideration, to such as desire to search more thoroughly.

Now, to be deeply conversant in classic or scientific learning, requires continual study and painful investigation; besides which the mind of each

individual must be occupied in the investigation of few subjects only: for experience has shown, that there are but few minds competent to the grasp of a great variety of information. The labor also, of such inquiries as are essential to the true character of a man of letters, is found to be intense to a degree greatly beyond that of any *bodily* exertions, and far more exhausting to the system. In fact, those only, to whom the acquisition of literary knowledge is on its own account attractive, are sufficiently incited to persevere in its pursuit. Nay, it is notorious that, even with such an incentive, too many are true but for a time, and after moderate acquirements will sit down—not contented—but mentally exhausted.

Philosophical and literary inquiries indeed, the instructors as well as the students in the public seminaries,—all those, in short, who are distinguished as the Illuminati of society, possess not only the moral courage, but also the anxious wish, to pore over the contents of prodigious tomes, and long treatises, on the various branches of literature, science, or art, which are given to the world, according to the varied taste or pursuit of each individual; but, with the exception of such persons, how few among the great family of the world can endure the formidable appearance of such an object as an abstruse volume, or a book dedicated to one subject only, in which mere amusement has no share, without shrinking! Or if their resolution should be screwed so high as to produce a determination to wade through such a matter, how coldly and indifferently do they bend their faculties to the task? With what difficulty do they condemn themselves to a severe examination of any subject, probably dry and uninteresting in its details, however important in its objects? The mind that has not been schooled to this rigid abstraction by a systematic course of education, and by early and constant habits of mental self-government, is apt to recoil from such engagement; and if the will be free, and the agent be altogether exempt from the necessity of pursuing such an investigation, he will, in all probability fly the occupation in disgust. Among the great mass of society it will not be going too far to affirm, that works of pure amusement are the only works of *extended length* which meet with persevering attention; and, although we hear on all sides of “the reading world,” and “the reading public”—it is to be feared that to dissipate rather than to improve the hours, is the principal object. But modern novelists insert “sketches of society,” “characteristic sketches,” “historical sketches,” “satirical, political, theological, &c. &c. sketches,” and thus, though the passion of the million be only for the fable, the narrative, the incidents, the catastrophe—or at best confining themselves to that which pleases the imagination, without pressing heavily on the judgment, they

“Lay the flattering unction to their souls,”

that they are adding prodigiously to their knowledge and wisdom, and that in all this they are still *Utilitarians*.

In fact, the operations of the body and of the mind,—of physical and of moral conduct, are observed to keep upon a continual parallel; and it must be evident that, in both cases, an invariable discipline must be enforced, if we hope for beneficial results either to ourselves or to the community. Voluntary labor however, in either case, is seldom incurred, and then only by such as reflection has previously and deeply convinced of its advantages.

With regard to physical exertions, we hear it constantly asserted, with

equal gravity and truth, that labor is actually necessary to human health and happiness; that Divine Providence has made it an indispensable obligation in our nature; that the poor must labor for food, and the rich for an appetite; that, without it, the earth would soon cease to produce her increase, and population itself would decline; that "chaos would come again," and famine and destruction stalk over the earth. All very sound philosophy, this, in the abstract; but apply it to practice, and each person will remove the onus from himself, and prove its truth as applied to his neighbor. In short, it too frequently happens, that where affluence gives leisure, leisure produces indolence; and, worse than all, indolence produces reasons for inaction. Thus is disease and debility produced and disseminated, to the general injury of society.

Even such is the history of mental exertion; mankind will endeavor to acquire wisdom and knowledge, as the means of procuring riches, honors, or advancement in station. Some few will do so for fame. All this is based in self. But how few are they who seek wisdom for herself alone! How few contemplate the glories of creation, the wonders of science, the fascinations of literature and the arts, with a view to increase their thankfulness to the "Giver of all good and perfect gifts," to the increase of His glory, or to the pure and earnest desire of contributing to the welfare of their fellow-men! How apt are the learned, themselves, to talk of the *labors* of science, and of the halcyon days for which they all hope, when they shall be enabled to repose themselves in "lettered ease!" How anxiously do the greater part of them look for the hour, when they may *relax from their labors* and enjoy their "*otium cum dignitate*!"

It appears then, that knowledge is seldom laboriously sought for her own sake only. Yet, *knowledge is useful to all mankind*. This is an universally admitted fact. Every species of active exertion and enterprise in this busy world has its basis in some theory; and, if we except the lowest and most grovelling of mankind, there are none but what have some degree of desire to know the theory upon which operation is built. That degree is generally found to rise in intensity and propriety, in proportion to the affluence, and comparative refinement in the habits, of the parties; and though the great bulk of society do not lay claim to the character of men of letters, yet, there is a prevailing desire through every grade, to acquire information and useful knowledge; arising from a sense of the now generally admitted truth, that *knowledge is power*.

If, therefore, elaborate treatises and dry disquisitions are so repulsive to the general taste, we have two questions for consideration, of no slight importance to our moral cultivation. First, what is the most useful knowledge for the great mass of society? And, secondly, what is the most probable and satisfactory method of spreading it abroad? All cannot have the advantages of academical discipline and nourishment,—all cannot be devoted to learning and philosophy in after-life. The avocations and duties of human beings are as manifold as the innumerable links in the chain of human existence. How multifarious are the engagements which occupy the public cares! How numerous are the classes—beside those whose duties are professedly of a grave and abstruse nature—who are of equal importance in the great body of society! Persons whose employments are as necessary towards the well-being of the whole, as are those

of the erudite bodies who, by a proper sense of deference, have been placed in the foreground of these considerations. The merchant, the soldier, the mariner, the agriculturist, the artisan, the laborer, are all essential to the public weal; and, in truth, mankind could not endure to have any of these distinctions annihilated. In that beautiful though complicated edifice called society, how admirably do the various pieces fit and dove-tail together! Not a part could be withdrawn from the whole, without causing an unsightly and distressing gap; not an atom could be deranged or disabled, without shaking the lofty fabric to its base.

Yet how small a portion of the human family are the professors of divinity, law, philosophy, physic, and abstract literature,—as compared with the numbers that form its remaining descriptions! Still the latter, though they may not have had the same advantages, in the cultivation of letters and science at the seats of learning, have, nevertheless, intellect capable of the greatest expansion, hearts susceptible of the most delicate sensations, and feelings capable of the utmost refinement. Surely such hearts, minds, and feelings, are not to be left altogether uncultivated or neglected, merely because they cannot receive, or have not received, the regular scientific preparation! Surely such beings are not to remain dependent or passive in all that relates to the operations of the mind, nor to be left without that portion of polish and improvement which is attainable by all, and which in the secret soul is wished by all—because they have not graduated! It would be appalling to think that the pursuits of literature, the refinements of thought, the excursions of fancy, the accuracy of demonstration—are to be interdicted from the approach of all but the happy few, whose inclinations and circumstances have led them into the groves of the academy; and that the bulk of our fellow-citizens, including thousands and thousands of valuable members of society, should find the book of knowledge to them a sealed book, unless it be read within the walls of a college!

The PERIODICAL publication offers the assistance which would be rejected in any other form. To the reader who has no other object in the perusal than that of learning how to square his life and actions to the rules of morality, integrity, and upright conduct,—a moral essay, if written by a faithful observer of human nature, who is at the same time capable of making judicious reflections and applications, will be always acceptable. From the compendious form it will not be likely to weary the attention;—from the terse style in which it should ever be clothed, it will generally prove attractive;—and from its cessation and recurrence at stated intervals, it will afford seasonable time for consideration, yet allowing opportunity to relax from earnest thought. How many are there, who, though they would shrink from the bare idea of entering upon the investigation of the human mind as a theory;—to whom the powerful but abstruse considerations of a Locke, a Stewart, or a Reid, would be irksome if not unintelligible;—or worse still, who would frequently conclude those splendid effusions to be but the dreams of schoolmen—would find beauties in a practical discussion of any one principle, where the observations are all drawn from without, and the labor of mental analization is spared or unknown.

There is another branch in periodical collections which may be suitable to the moralist, no less than to the classical or the general reader,—namely, the department of Poetry. Eternal shame be to the man, who shall dis-

grace the muse or the page, with verse that can be characterized either as profane or licentious! No pretensions of wit, no aspirations of genius, no splendor of imagery, no power of description, can make amends for the injury done to public morals, nor for the shock given to correct feelings, by bringing verse of such a character before the public eye. But wide and long experience has shown us that it is possible for Poetry to ascend to the heights of sublimity,—to throw around the brightest flashes of wit, and the most lively sallies of fancy,—to melt the soul with the accents of pathos,—to correct the judgment, and to improve the heart,—in short to delight the imagination without shocking a solitary principle. The world, in fact, is not so bad, as to debar us from entertainment without subjecting us to the danger of demoralization. Bards of chastened sentiments, as well as magnificent conceptions, are ever to be found; and will the more be found, in proportion as their lucubrations find due encouragement;—and the poetic strain, no less than the moral essay, will tend to rectify the errors of our nature, and fit us continually for higher and better aspirations. And what greater encouragement—what higher reward—would the poet or the moralist require, than to hear his sentiments uttered from every good man's mouth, and to find his principles adopted as the rule of every good man's conduct?

But there is yet another department of periodical literature of great practical utility, and it affects every class of readers; its lessons being instructive to all mankind,—and its teaching, that of example.—The department of Biography. Never does a great or distinguished man depart from his earthly labors, without creating a feeling of deep anxiety, and of strong curiosity to know more intimately the amount and nature of his public actions, the particulars of his private life and dispositions, the extent of his advantages and opportunities, the height of his fame, the number and character of his friends, as well as of his detractors, and the influence which all these have had upon the surrounding world. Biography, therefore, well selected, forms a very important part of the editorial duty, in publications of this class. If it be true, as has been often said, that "*history is philosophy teaching by example*," much more truly may it be asserted of Biography. The historian relates the acts of nations,—of masses of people, or occasionally of individuals in the course of public events. It is rarely that the true springs of action can be developed by the historical writer, who is frequently placed at a distance of time, place, and circumstance, from the subject of his pen;—who must come to his conclusions through conflicting testimony;—and who is frequently thrown very far out of the truth in these conclusions, either from the bias of the authorities on which he most relies—for politics and state affairs are proverbially a mystery,—or else from his own political prejudices, than which nothing is more likely to warp the judgment and induce a wrong coloring. The biographer on the contrary, has no such difficulties to contend with. He works on a narrower scale, and can more directly arrive at all his principal facts. He has access probably, to the family records and traditions,—he learns the early impressions of his subject,—he traces him from infancy to manhood,—watches him through his general intercourse with society,—views him through all the actions which have rendered him celebrated,—compares him through his written documents, epistolary correspondence, and familiar converse,—studies

him through and through to the hour of his demise, and presents him a powerful lesson to survivors.

In brief, then, it may be said, that the three departments which have now been touched upon, are calculated to operate with great and salutary influence upon a well directed and reflecting mind. Moral Essays may correct the principles, good Poetry may soften the asperities of our nature, and Biography may stimulate our actions.

Accounts of enterprising travellers, in foreign and strange regions, or of intelligent residents in places remote from our own firesides, obtain as they deserve, a powerful attraction over every class of readers. The details of communications from such persons can rarely be given in a periodical work, yet it is incumbent upon the directors of such a work to give them a fair share in their pages, and to throw as much of interest, and as great a light upon the subjects, as shall induce a more intimate acquaintance with them. Such works are the foundation of many a splendid project,—many a speculation replete with advantages to science as well as to commerce, springs from casual hints undesignedly dropped in the course of general description; and accounts of this kind are sometimes doubly useful—both in what they communicate immediately, and in the further discoveries to which they lead the way. They may be termed the pioneers of science, marshalling the road, and clearing it of impediments, an office equally difficult and serviceable, whether in the path of war or of wisdom.

Of the great mass of readers, there are some few who judge for themselves of the value of a publication; but by far the greater part are contented to take upon trust the opinions of others. This, though sometimes arising from indolence of application, or individual diffidence in the soundness of conclusions,—is not always so. Many have not the leisure necessary for the inspection of a *variety* of works, on subjects, which may yet be interesting to them, and who may also be desirous of knowing the characters of such as are presented, in order to direct choice to greater advantage. Accordingly careful criticisms, from time to time, of any works of general interest, are always found useful and acceptable. But, unfortunately, there is no species of writing which presents more or greater abuses of intellectual power than that of criticism. It is lamentably notorious, that, to serve party purposes,—to gratify party spleen,—from sheer envy and malice,—and sometimes from sheer ignorance,—a work is written up, or written down, without regard to the merits of the author, or to the interests of the community. Nay, worse, for sordid lucre, a book may be praised or condemned, entirely independent of its deserts, and solely to reap the paltry wages of a prostituted pen. Writers of this description compose the *horrible genus* of literature, and they tend materially to depreciate the character of honest upright criticism. The conscientious reviewer, on the other hand, is not anxious to discover faults, nor does he desire to magnify beauties. His sole object is to examine dispassionately the real merits of the work, according to the tests of usefulness and skill, and, in reporting such examination, he feels himself bound to speak agreeably to his best judgment, of its general scope, tendency and execution; whilst, at the same time, he omits not to point out its prominent excellencies and defects. Verbal criticism is also useful, though the *mere* verbal critic is one of the most contemptible of carpers. Reviews, therefore, are a general

convenience;—to the ignorant they give information; to the diffident they impart confidence; to the indolent they afford relief; to those who want leisure they give summary accounts; and, to all, they give opportunity of comparing their own judgment with that of the critic.

The subjects of criticism and poetry would, however, be left but imperfectly considered, if one species more of each were not touched upon, which, in a work that aspires to be a standard, must form very important features. The former consists of critiques on books in the foreign *modern* languages, and the latter, of occasional translations from any of the most distinguished, or, from the classic authors of antiquity.

The advantages to the general reading public, from the former of these two, must be obvious; for books, in foreign languages, not being *generally* accessible, can be enjoyed but by comparatively few; and, therefore, an analysis of the general bearings and scope of any such works, with the heads of the arguments, strictures on the style, and extracts from parts deemed most interesting, will be likely to prove attractive to all, and stimulative to many. How delightful to imagine, that we can hold familiar converse with all the civilized of the earth; that we can avail ourselves of their wisdom, without the cavils of argumentation; that we can acknowledge the superiority of their reasoning, without compromising the dignity on which human nature is so apt to plume itself, or, wounding the self-love, which is the most tender of feelings! That we can view the sentiments of the wisest among all nations, dictated under the influence of other media than those of our own; and, by comparison and reflection, be still making nearer and nearer advances to truth.

With respect to the latter,—Poesy,—sweet Poesy! So exquisite are her charms, that without her the world would be a desert. The enchantress that moulds and turns every heart, that excites and allays every passion, that rules and controls every feeling, that developes and acts on every principle, that incites to the noblest deeds, and wins from the direst intentions! Can we love her too much,—can her influence be too powerful? True, the flights of the muse, in her maturity, cannot transcend the sublime heights to which she rose, in the prime of her pristine vigor, when fancy yet was young, and when all around was new. Still she fails not! She emulates her early days, and though she exceeds not in loftiness, she has become more expansive—more comprehensive. Ages have not impaired her strength, but experience has poised her wing. Her excursions, therefore, in whatever regions they may be, arrest the regards,—her song, in whatever language it may be uttered, must be sweet to the ear, and grateful to the heart!—*Esto perpetua!*

From the inquirer after the practical results of science, every report of a new discovery or invention, elicits a powerful interest. The merchant and the manufacturer feel their prosperity strongly linked with the improvements in machinery, and the progress of practical philosophy. The tenacity of bodies, the friction of metals, the power of steam, inventions in mechanics—are matters to which all mankind are feelingly alive, because to all mankind they are mediately or immediately important. Hence, indeed, are all the additional comforts and conveniences enjoyed by the world at the present day, above those of our forefathers; and hence, the countries which formerly afforded a scanty subsistence to a few thousands,

or perhaps hundreds, now support in affluence and ease, as many millions. Commerce, and the division of labor, have done all this; therefore, in a commercial country,—and every nation is gradually becoming so—how obviously may we remark, that inquiries after philosophical and mechanical discovery are both general and earnest. The well conducted magazine will furnish food for such an appetite, in quantity and quality calculated to please and to stimulate. A report of a superior invention, that diminishes human labor, and adds to human convenience, immediately awakens curiosity; a detail of its principle and structure excites admiration; the beneficial effect of its operations gratifies taste or harmonizes with economy; and lastly, the relation not unfrequently leads to farther improvement. Hence are important events brought about, to and by practical men, who would probably have turned away, with cold indifference, from a rigid treatise upon the theory of mechanics, or experimental philosophy. Abstract ideas have rarely charms for the *busy* part of mankind.

There is yet another description of general readers for whom the pages of a periodical work must be opened; a class, thought by some to be the most numerous of the reading part of society, and consisting of those who take up a book for mere amusement and relaxation. Persons who are chiefly engaged in active life, who have neither leisure nor inclination for speculation or deep research in literature, and whose object is rather to divert their ideas from too much attention to worldly affairs, and to unbend a little from the prevailing desire of worldly advancement, must have writings of a different stamp from any which have yet been described. For such readers in particular, though to all they may be occasionally welcome, works of fiction may be presented, of a nature calculated to be useful, while they aspire only to amuse. A well written tale, intended to illustrate a master-passion, the vicissitudes of human life, human faculties, follies, virtues, and excellencies, introductions of by-gone customs and habits, in short, man himself, in alto relievo, has found favorable acceptance in every class of society; and its advantages have this peculiarity, that, we commonly see in the tale, only a pleasing or interesting narrative, wrought up with skill and producing a touching catastrophe,—we imagine ourselves only gratified with the amusement, whilst unconsciously we imbibe an important lesson, not unfrequently operating, though insensibly to ourselves, upon our future conduct.

Thus then, it will probably be conceded, periodical literature is acting a prominent part in the drama of human life. In all its stages it affords relief and relaxation, in many it gives new motives to exertion, fresh zeal in action, fresh strength in principle. It is generally found, when well conducted, to exceed its pretensions; for the ostensible end of a magazine is commonly limited to the desire of contributing to rational amusement, and seldom goes farther than to *hope* that it may be not altogether devoid of information.

But, as yet, nothing has been said of the claims which works of this kind may have to the patronage of the learned. These form a body that must be approached with veneration, and touched with respect. To men who labor indefatigably in the intellectual vineyard, who patiently turn over every stone that lies in the path of wisdom, who, with unwearied patience,

"O'er books consume the midnight oil"—

the sketches, or the summaries contained in the papers of a magazine can communicate but small information. Men who are hand and glove with literature and science, from the earliest ages to their own day, might be expected to turn away with contempt from that which professes to be little more than an olla podrida. But such is not the case. The man of letters is not so apt to despise that which purposes at once to amuse and to edify. In the midst of his more profound lucubrations he is aware that, as poor Richard says, "constant dripping wears away stones," and that the progress of refinement, and the spread of improvement, are not effected only by hard study over abstruse theories, but are greatly accelerated by the quiet influence of occasional light and elegant reading, and by the imperceptible but certain melioration of the heart and manners resulting from such employment. He is aware also, that aspiring talent can, in such an atmosphere, plume its untried wings, and can here make short excursions, preparatory to more lofty flights; and that obscure and modest merit can here mingle safely with more established reputation. From the "loopholes of retreat" he can view, through this medium, the conflicting opinions, as well as the progressive advances, of mankind; he can smile at occasional absurdities, and he can enjoy a happy point or discovery. The review or the magazine is also an index to such a man. He thus discovers how others are occupied, without being disturbed in his own speculations; he reads with satisfaction, of the approved productions of others, and applies himself to such as harmonize with his own researches, without being obliged to waste his precious hours in wading through matters which afford him neither interest nor concern. If, together with learning and judgment, he possess affluence or worldly influence,—and together with these, kind feelings and generous principles,—where shall he seek for deserving objects of his liberal patronage, more assuredly, than among the retired but enlightened writers, who occasionally delight the understanding or the taste through the pages of a periodical. It is the literary bazaar, where each brings his modicum for the public delectation, and where no one dare bring much, for fear the commodity should remain upon his hands.

The only descriptions of readers who cannot, or at least who ought not to look for the gratification of their prevailing tastes in the perusal of *such works as these* are, the party politician, and the polemical disputant. A publication which is put forth ostensibly for the purposes of cultivating peace, general information, and the harmonies of our nature, should never lend itself to disputations which too frequently divide man from man,—which are, through all their course, replete with bickerings and animosities,—and which seldom answer any other end, than to strengthen and confirm the opinions already entertained on either side of the question. Not that we would be thought to deprecate discussion of this kind: it is the *place* and not the *subject*, which is unsuitable; for the brevity with which such matters must necessarily be handled here, would, in fact, preclude argument, and leave little room for anything but invective and vituperation—a species of language neither instructive nor entertaining. All that can here be done for the *quidnunc*, is to present him with a brief summary of public events in all places with which we have the relations of affinity, amity, or commerce; but we would spare ourselves the mortification of having our opinions condemned, and spare his patience the test of

reading those with which he cannot coincide, by avoiding the expression of opinion altogether, on political subjects, and contenting ourselves with the bare recital of facts, as honestly and as truly as our means will permit. The controversialist also, must be contented, to find critical chastisements directed only against flagrant derelictions from those general and established principles, which are common to every denomination of conscientious Christians, or against feeble execution or incompetency, in the performance of the task which is self-imposed. In this determination, we repel beforehand, the possible charge of luke-warmness. Zeal and enthusiasm are very different qualities; and the former may consist with confining its expression to the proper time and place, while the latter obtrudes itself every where, without waiting for either ceremony or welcome.

A magazine, however, would not be complete, which should omit from the number of its articles a passing notice of the state of the Fine Arts, and of whatever is connected with them. It would, indeed, be a gross neglect of a public caterer's duty, to forget or to pass by so delightful a dessert, as that afforded through such means. The pencil of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, the strains of the musician, are subjects ever worthy of our best attention; nor should that epitome of all mankind, and the exhibitor of their passions, the actor, pass unnoticed. Each in his way does honor to human nature, and all tend to elevate our ideas, dignify our feelings, and furnish us with rational and even noble subjects of reflection. The public, therefore, are all interested in their prosperity, and in that of the several arts, which may ever be termed a moral thermometer, as they invariably flourish or decay precisely in the degree of moral refinement or degradation.

After all, therefore, a well regulated periodical may be made to possess strong claims to public patronage and encouragement. So far from usurping the place of more grave and important writings, and frittering away the subjects upon which it touches; so far is it from being what prejudiced or shallow persons have sometimes termed it "a thing of shreds and patches," that it may be—we trust it is already, proved to be highly conducive to the cause of literature and science. No one believes that he can learn all that is to be learnt on an abstruse matter, in the pages of a magazine; it is never considered as more than either a synopsis or a condensation of a subject, in science, or an opinion of the merits of a work, in criticism. The most important objects, or the greatest beauties, of the writing, are displayed to the best advantage, and an incentive is given to farther inquiry and investigation on the part of those whose inclinations or circumstances lead that way. By its brevity and its variety, it enables the reader to pause at short stages; and it must be a dreary route indeed, in which the traveller can find neither fruit nor flowers to regale him, nor prospect to delight him, from the time he gets into the saddle until he alights at the next inn.

But the crowning point, if it be presumed for a moment that there is a fair share of ability and industry, in the conduct of a work of this kind, is the integrity of purpose, and the undeviating resolution to hold the balance even, which should actuate every movement of its proprietors. Not only should *political* and *controversial* party be utterly excluded from their scheme, but party of *every* kind. Unfortunately in the often tried case of Practice v. Theory, literary jealousies have been found as vindictive as those which originate in more vulgar minds. It should be matter of con-

stant care and watchfulness, to avoid a fault, against which we are all ready to inveigh, and to endeavor by courtesy of language, as well as by amenity of disposition, to render pointless the saying with which censors are too frequently greeted—

“Physician, heal thyself!”

That the conductors of the American Monthly Magazine will at all times act up to the opinions here put forth, time only can show; that they are actuated by the sincere intention of so doing, may perhaps be evinced by their voluntarily promulgating rules of conduct, by which they must submit to be tried. Infallibility is not the attribute of mortals, and they are far from arrogating to themselves pretensions approaching to the term. Passion and prejudice will break out in an unguarded moment, even over the most watchful. The failings incidental to humanity, they feel assured will be pardoned in them, by the reflecting part of society, and for the opinions of the rest, they feel a perfect indifference. In rectitude of purpose they now address themselves to the task, being assured that whatever may be the particular bias at the commencement of an undertaking, the public judgment is always correct in the end.

SONNET.—ON THE DESTRUCTION OF GENOA.

From the Italian of Giovambatista Pastorini.

My glorious Genoa, if with tearless eye
Deformed and spoiled thy glorious corpse I see,
No want of filial love their founts can dry,
But every sigh rebellious seems to thee.

With pride I view thy towers, though fallen, free—
Trophies of counsel and of constancy—
And turned where'er my steps, or gaze, may be,
I meet thy valor in extremity.

More dear—than e'en defeat—hath victory cost
Thy foes, by pangs more deeply vengeful torn—
For thou didst SEE, not FEEL thy empire lost.—
Hence in thy fate hath Freedom nought to mourn,
But more to kiss thy shattered walls, and boast
Ruin ye freely met, but SLAVERY ne'er have borne.

M

Buonaparte's Voyage to St. Helena, comprising the Diary of Rear Admiral Sir GEORGE COCKBURN, during his passage from England to St. Helena, in 1815. From the original manuscript in the handwriting of his private secretary. (pp. 124.) Boston. Lilly, Wait & Co., 1833.

WHEN will the incidents, relating to the life of the most extraordinary man that ever lived, either in ancient or modern days, be summed up? Or when will the interest which his name continually excites, have reached its acme? Eighteen years have elapsed since his political existence was brought to a close, after a career more brilliant than one man ever before achieved; and twelve years have gone over our heads since his mortal remains were gathered to their parent earth, after an incarceration and a series of insults, disgraceful to the character of enlightened Europe that planned them,—ten times disgraceful to the state which inflicted them. Yet vainly did the powers on the other side of the Atlantic suppose that, by placing such a man on a lonely island, far from the scenes of his exploits, and out of the sight of those, who had so long and so frequently withered at his frown,—they could cause him to be forgotten, and hope that by-gone follies and enormities might be restored in peace,—that legitimacy, the watch-word of drivellers, might again become the paramount principle among the nations, and that they might once more become the great ones of the earth. Vainly they expected to silence that universal voice, which called to mankind, no longer to remain supine under the despotism and bigotry of sensual and besotted monarchs, who deemed their subjects an inheritance, and their own rights divine, because for a series of generations their authority had not been disputed. The man who had swayed the destinies of the old world, had at last surrendered himself to their power. To become his murderers in direct act exceeded even the resolution that a mob of kings could assume; but they would drive him back to obscurity, cause his name to perish, and let spleen within and cruelty without, work their way upon him.

They drive him into obscurity! The fiat of all the assembled princes of the earth could not dim the splendor of the roof that covered Napoleon! The coruscations by which he had surrounded himself shone far and wide, and the rock of St. Helena became the gaze of the whole earth. *They* cause his name to perish! It is imperishable, as the rock on which he rests. The annals of Europe attest the magnitude of his public acts, in terms which cannot be erased; his fame was wafted on the four winds of heaven whilst he remained in power; and no sooner was he dragged to the vainly imagined obscurity in the remotest part of the ocean, than myriads started forth to trace his life, and to perpetuate that fame by a more extensive medium than the reading of state papers. Generals, admirals, courtiers, ladies,—the philosopher in the closet, the merchant at his desk, ministers of state, and menials, princesses of the blood, and waiting women;—whoever could produce an anecdote of Buonaparte in addition to the common stock,—be the matter ever so trivial, be the time ever so remote,—deemed himself capable of doing the public good service, and contributed his mite of information with an air of infinite complacency, as one who had been a public benefactor.

The publication before us does not profess to be of a higher character

than that which we have just described. It pretends to be no more than a few casual remarks, made during a voyage of a few weeks, from the British Channel to the Island of St. Helena, for the purpose of conveying the illustrious captive to his prison, his tortures, and his grave. Oh! Better far that he had died at Elba, or had fallen at Waterloo; nay, rather that the *Holy Alliance* had dispatched him, after a mock trial and a show of justice, than thus to extract patience and life by drops, under the galling sensation that he had found malignity where he had looked for magnanimity, and that where "national honor" is most strongly mouthed, he had perceived "all is not gold that glitters!"

Of the present work we may fairly complain of the poverty, whether we consider its matter or its manner; and we feel somewhat at a loss to describe accurately our opinions upon it, as a veracious transcript. On the one hand it contains the recital of a great variety of circumstances which have not the slightest improbability, though few are important; and on the other hand, we think neither the remarks themselves, nor the style in which they are clothed, are or can be the language of Sir G. Cockburn. The language is anything but seamanlike, and Admiral Cockburn is a thoroughbred and thorough-going seamen. The remarks are frequently puerile, and sometimes petulant, faults, of which from all we have heard of Cockburn he was entirely exempt. As a public officer, ordered by his country upon a service which must be disagreeable to every man of delicate feelings, he obeyed his orders with reluctance, but he did only his duty; and even Napoleon acquits him of such deportment as is implied in the preface of this book, that he viewed his prisoner and his actions "with much the same feeling that would induce the keeper of the Tower Menagerie to note down the peculiar habits of any new and extraordinary animal intrusted to his care." The dialogue is also too abruptly introduced. Considering the terms on which he was brought on board the *Northumberland*, the rank he had sustained in the world for such a length of time, the studied indignity that was thrown upon him every time he was addressed, and his well known peculiar dislike to the naval profession generally, we can hardly bring ourselves to the belief that he was so like a bottle of ripe Champagne, with its cork flying out, to discharge the contents of his bosom on all around him. The anxiety, throughout, to show the details up as conversations, proves too much; the continual "I told him," and "he told me," with which the work is interlarded, renders its authenticity somewhat doubtful in its very face. It does not ring true; it is like the man discovered to be *no Athenian*, by speaking the Attic dialect in a manner too rigidly correct.

The mode by which the book has found its way to the public notice, is also a little remarkable. The account in the title page and preface,—we beg the publishers' pardon—appears to us somewhat apocryphal. The original manuscript of Sir G. Cockburn, either would not be, or ought not to be, in the possession of his private secretary for eighteen years after the event on which it treats; but granting it to be so, and to be discovered after the secretary's decease, we surmise that the first person to whom they would be presented, would be the admiral himself, particularly as they are presumed to be written by him in the *first* person. There is nothing contained in the diary offensive to either the principles or the feelings of any

human being in England, unless the casual mention of Mr. Goldsmith may be thought so, therefore the intimation of the impropriety or impolicy of its publication there, is worse than ridiculous.

Yet there is internal evidence that such conversations, or a least remarks, may have fallen from Napoleon; but they have travelled through various hands; and are, far more probably, collections of gossip, picked up at St. Helena by some mercantile resident there, than details of conversations between the greatest man in the world, and a distinguished British officer. There runs throughout, a vein of feeling, which denotes a person more conversant in the fate of dollars, than of empires; and a deficiency of grammatical knowledge, of which if Sir G. Cockburn was not ashamed, at least his secretary ought to have been.

It is not from reading such works as this "Diary," that farther intimacy with the "whereabouts" of such a man as Napoleon can be obtained. The grand page of Modern History for forty years, is but the biography of that singular man. Before his day, hereditary blockheads, or heads of worse character, were the rulers of states, which had submitted, from century to century, to take as guides for their conduct, and as regulators of their political movements, men who had not a second idea beyond the thought of their own, or their family aggrandizement; and who considered the great bulk of mankind as but instruments subservient to that all important end.—So true is it that man is the creature of habit;—though conscious of mental vigor equal to that of others called their superiors,—though equally conscious of bodily and numerical strength far greater than those,—though writhing under grievance, and groaning under tyranny,—it is not until they are goaded to madness by extremity of insult, or roused to the vindication of their rights by the voice of undaunted patriotism, that mankind think of examining the texture of their bonds, hallowed by lapse of time, and rendered familiar by constant wearing. Buonaparte found the world of politics a chaos; his master-spirit moved the discordant elements, and gradually restored order, LIGHT, and splendor to his country. His aspiring mind could not repose with a partial re-animation; he undertook to organize anew the powers of government which over the face of all Europe had become paralyzed. The example of France had spread its influence in greater or less degree through all the continent, and it was he who fed and nourished the flame which has since attained to an almost universal blaze. True it is, that the cause which animated the breast of Napoleon, was not a spark of so holy a fire as that which kindled the soul of Washington; nor did he close the career of his exploits with the calm philosophical elevation of that heaven-born liberator. There was leaven of earth and of earthly feelings in the bosom of the one, from which the patriotic, the—dare we say—immaculate heart of the other, was free. Yet it is small deterioration of the one, to say only that he was unequal to the other. The voice of ambition has ever been found captivating, the acts of successful ambition have ever been found dazzling, heroes have proclaimed deceptive reasonings to others, until they have deceived even themselves; but only *one* Cincinnatus and *one* Washington, have obeyed their country's call, to deliver it from the yoke of oppression, and then retired, with the admiration of a world, to the tranquillity of domestic life. Even the former of these two characters is problematical, whilst of the latter, we have blessed and daily proof.

If Napoleon, however, failed to reach that point of excellence, to which *one man only* has attained,—if he had not the moral courage to withdraw from the temptations of power, and from the plans of ambition, it cannot be denied that he wielded the one, and executed the other, with address and advantage to the empire over which he presided. He was the idol of his subjects, and he did not abuse the veneration with which he was beheld. He was the idol of his soldiery, and he taught them to be all but invincible. In war he introduced tactics and strategy such as amazed the pupils of the old school, and confounded all their calculations. He fostered merit wherever it was found, distributing honors with unsparing but judicious hand, yet using a discipline not inferior to that of the Romans in their hardest days; and thus making the whole army but parts of one stupendous machine. In peace, he studied to restore man to his true dignity. No longer were the multitude to remain as serfs to an enervated and ignorant noblesse; no longer were the dronish priesthood of an over-gorged church to fatten on the spoils of the exhausted laborer; no longer was the gate of preferment in honorable pursuits to be shut against all but such as could show sixteen quarterings on their escutcheon. The nobility of merit became the only honor that could now pass current, a nobility which any one had the chance to attain. As a legislator, see the “Code Napoleon;” as an engineer, visit the Pass of the Simplon; as a politician without, see his confederations and alliances; as a politician within, see the state of the French Government under “The Empire.”

But the plague-spot was upon him. He had not HEREDITARY RIGHT to support him. The *legitimates*, forgetting or ignorant, that kings are made for men, and not men for kings, put their ban upon him. The man who could assert that the people are the origin of power, and that for *their* weal only, have kings a voice potential, was not likely to be long a peaceful associate with autocrats and Modern Cæsars. They destroyed him! He is gone—his hope, his progeny, is gone! Yet he still lives in the events to which he gave birth. His prophetic soul saw the struggles which all Europe would make ere long, for the assertion of their rights, as men born free and equal; he announced it with the latest breath of his struggling life, and behold the truth of his predictions, in the state of that continent at this hour!

And what must be the feelings of our own countrymen, on viewing this state of affairs? Do we not know that it was from hence the Promethian torch was lighted, which was to cause a fire that cannot be quenched? Was not the first germ of liberty in Europe carried there by the chivalrous assertors of our own independence? By patriotic Frenchmen who had the magnanimity to approve our cause in the New World, and the courage to maintain our principle in the old? It should, therefore, be matter of honest exultation that the liberty for which our fathers freely bled, which they carried, through distress and danger unexampled in the history of warfare, which they enjoy at this day, and which they trust forever to uphold,—has at length found its way to the land of our ancestors, and that thus we render to them the rights of paternity.

To return to the “Diary;” though we can by no means award it the meed of praise, either for its composition, or for the importance of its communications; though we have many reasons for doubting its authenticity

as the writing or the property of Admiral Cockburn, yet there is much of a pleasing and amusing nature in its pages. The compiler has had access to sources of information which he might have turned to better account, and he might even have had more ingenuity in inventing for it an origin. But every thing that treats on such a subject, makes its way through all obstacles. Whilst the memory of the father is yet green in our recollections, ere the world have had time to subdue their feelings, upon the reflection of his fate, the son is also cut short in his earthly career. That son, upon whom many a veteran of Marengo, or of Lodi, has turned the eye of hope and expectation,—that son who was to emulate the greatness of his sire,—nipped, like the untimely bud, before a laurel has been gathered to his brows, before he could try the temper of his sword. The book will therefore be read, and we wish it should, if it were only to keep *fresh* the reminiscences which will, however, never be utterly erased.

The Buonaparte family have some peculiar claims on our sympathy. Many of them have found a home on our shores, a shelter from political storms. As a nation we feel the distinction a compliment; it is a tacit admission, that here peace and security abide; whatever the reports of autoeracy and legitimacy may announce, of the factious dispositions and turbulent ambition of that family; *we* are bound to admit, that in our states they have always been found peaceful citizens, enlightened scholars, good men. The greatest of that, or of any other family, wished though vainly, to make *us* the companions of his retreat, and notwithstanding the prophetic tirades of his enemies, notwithstanding the ambitious spirit we knew him to possess, we should have welcomed him without a fear, to the land where alone all men are equal.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.—AN ANECDOTE.

THE ancestors of a certain noble Scottish Duke were of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and the family continued so until a comparatively recent period. The following curious anecdote is related of the last Catholic head of the family, and the circumstance is believed by many to have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the change in his religious opinions.

The nobleman in question,* possessed very extensive estates in the northern part of Scotland; the management of which was intrusted chiefly to the care of various stewards, or as they are there called, *factors*; notwithstanding which, he resided upon them personally, the greater part of his time, and was considered on all hands as a liberal gentleman and a kind landlord. A tenant of his, who indeed might be called a sort of retainer,—as his forefathers had lived during several generations on the land,—unfortunately, through inadvertence and ignorance, broke one of the covenants of his tack or lease, of no importance in itself, yet sufficient to entitle the

* Said to be the ancestor, probably the grandfather, of the present Duke of Gordon.

landlord to eject the occupant. Upon being informed of the mischief he had committed, and of the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself and family, he repaired to one of the "factors," and without attempting to palliate the offence, save that it was unconsciously done, he begged the steward's good offices at the castle, that he might have his lease renewed at a small fine. The steward being either rigorous in his duty, or having another to serve, declined to interfere, and bade the poor man prepare to abide the issue of his indiscretion. Sorely dismayed, but not in utter despair, he tried another, and another factor, but still received the same kind of answer. Half frantic at his ill success, but determined not to yield to his fate whilst there was the least glimmering of hope, he resolved at length to apply personally to the noble peer. He repaired to the castle, humbly requested an audience, which was kindly granted. The poor man told his honest tale without a gloss or an attempt at excuse; he merely urged that he was poor and with a large family; that the broken clause was one of which he did not even know the existence; that he had besought in vain the favor, from the factors, of its being represented to their principal; and that to be turned out from the place where he was born, with all his family, would be utter ruin to them, and heart-breaking to himself. The benevolent nobleman rejoiced the desponding farmer's heart, by informing him that he should remain, and should sustain no injury; and being struck with the shrewdness of some of his remarks, he directed that he should receive refreshment, after which he wished to have some farther converse with him.

With renovated spirits he joined his landlord again, who, being curious to draw out the sentiments of this poor but shrewd man, shewed him all parts of the castle within and without. Among other places, they went into his chapel, which was beautifully enriched, with windows of stained glass and other ornaments usual in the Catholic churches. Upon the farmer's asking what were the figures in the paintings, and on the windows, he was informed that they represented the blessed saints and martyrs of the church. "Aweel," said the farmer, "and what for an't please your lordship are sae mony o' them put i' ae place." The peer replied, "that they were intended to quicken the spirit of devotion in religious breasts, and that they were intercessors at the throne of Divine Grace, for sinners on earth, who appealed through them." The honest Scotchman sighed and shook his head; which the nobleman perceiving, demanded what moved him. "Ah, my gude lord," replied he, "it doesna belang to the likes o' me, to meddle or mak in sic like matters." Being however urged, at length the man replied, "aweel my lord, I canna but think that a' these saunts i' your lordship's chapel, are, sae to speak, a wee like your ain factors. I got nae gude frae nane o' them, but a blessed help when I cam to the fountain-head; an' if it please your lordship, I canna but think that there's as muckle chance o' a gracious reply frae the Lord above, himsel, as ye'll get through a' the saunts i' the calendar." The noble peer, it is said, was so struck with this apposite remark, that he immediately turned his thoughts seriously to the examination of the faith he was professing, which ended in his renunciation of its tenets, and adopting the principles of the reformed church.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAREWELL,

AND

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE'S REPLY.

THE year, which has so lately completed its circle, and which is henceforth to be considered but as a component atom of a by-gone eternity, has been more than commonly fatal to the great and distinguished of the literary world. Death has been busy among the mightiest names of earth, Champollion, Cuvier, Goethe, Scott, are gone "*quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus*" and have left no rival, no successor behind them. There is scarcely a department of science which will not feel their loss; nay more, there is scarcely a being, of any nation or tongue under heaven, capable of enjoying the pleasures of literature, who will be insensible, not merely to grief for them, but to sorrow for himself—sorrow that the genius which has so often charmed his leisure, or soothed his cares, shall never address itself to his spirit again. That the hands, which have contributed so largely to the amusement, the improvement, the welfare of his kind, are now for ever wrapt "in cold obstruction's apathy."

They were all great, all unrivalled in their several branches of literature, and they have left behind vast claims on the gratitude, and immense contributions to the knowledge, of posterity. It is with the last alone that we have now to do. He was not only more our own—as being a writer of our own language, and a painter of scenes more interesting to our own immediate feelings—but he was a far more general favorite, a far more universal benefactor. Thousands, who probably never heard of the others, have revelled in the effusions of his genius, and will long feel a blank in the round of their enjoyments, aye! and miss, from the circle of their affections, a friend—almost a kinsman—in Walter Scott.

Few, we imagine, of our readers are unacquainted with the brief and touching Farewell, by which the veteran concluded his latest labor. This Farewell, which will be found in the last pages of Count Robert of Paris, called forth from a living poet of France, perhaps the most popular, in our opinion the most inspired, of his countrymen, a reply so beautiful, both in feelings and imagery, that we have thought it advisable, at a moment when so general a feeling has been excited with regard to the illustrious dead, to present to our readers the original Reply, accompanied by a translation into our own tongue, as literal, as we think compatible with the nature and idioms of the languages.

It will immediately be perceived that the lines were written previously to the death of the poet; we nevertheless trust that, although the golden bowl has since been broken, and the silver cord loosened, our humble tribute of admiration and regret may not come so late, as to be considered uncalled for or irrelevant.

REPONSE AUX ADIEUX DE SIR WALTER SCOTT A SES LECTEURS.
PAR A. DE LAMARTINE.

Au premier mille, hélas ! de mon pèlerinage,
Temps où le cœur tout neuf voit tout à son image,
Où l'âme de seize ans, vierge de passions,
Demande à l'univers ses mille émotions,
Le soir d'un jour de fête, au golfe de Venise,
Seul, errant sans objet dans ma barque indécise,
Je suivais, mais de loin, sur la mer, un bateau
Dont les concerts flottants se répandaient sur l'eau ;
Voguant de cap en cap, nageant de crique en crique,
La barque balançant sa brise de musique,
Elevait, abaissait, modulait ses accords
Que l'onde palpitante emportait à ses bords,
Et selon que la plage était sourde ou sonore,
Mourait comme un soupir des mers qui s'évapore,
Ou dans les antres creux réveillant mille échos
Elançait jusqu'au ciel la fanfare des flots ;
Et moi, penché sur l'onde, et l'oreille tendue,
Retenant sur les flots la rame suspendue,
Je frémissais de perdre un seul de ces accents,
Et le vent d'harmonie enivrait tous mes sens.

C'était un couple heureux d'amants unis la veille,
Promenant leur bonheur à l'heure où tout sommeille,
Et, pour mieux enchanter leurs fortunés moments,
Respirant l'air du golfe au son des instruments.
La fiancée en jouant avec l'écume blanche
Qui de l'étroit esquif venait laver la hanche,
De son doigt dans la mer laissa tomber l'anneau,
Et pour le ressaisir son corps penché sur l'eau
Fit incliner le bord sous la vague qu'il rase ;
La vague, comme une eau qui surmonte le vase,
Les couvrit : un seul cri retentit jusqu'au bord :
Tout était joie et chant, tout fut silence et mort.

Eh bien ! ce que mon cœur éprouva dans cette heure
Où le chant s'engloutit dans l'humide demeure,
Je l'éprouve aujourd'hui, chantre mélodieux,
Aujourd'hui que j'entends les suprêmes adieux
De cette chère voix pendant quinze ans suivie.
Voluptueux oubli des peines de la vie,
Musique de l'esprit, brise des temps passés,
Dont nos soucis dormants étaient si bien bercés !
Heures de solitude et de mélancolie,
Heures des nuits sans fin que le sommeil oublie,
Heures de triste attente, hélas ! qu'il faut tromper,
Heures à la main vide et qu'il faut occuper,
Fantômes de l'esprit que l'ennui fait éclore,
Vides de la pensée où le cœur se dévore !
Le conteur a fini : vous n'aurez plus sa voix,
Et le temps va sur nous peser de tout son poids.

M. DE LAMARTINE'S REPLY TO SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
FAREWELL ADDRESS.

IN life's first sunny mile when youth was new—
While virgin hearts their own bright portraits view
In all around them, fresh to passion's power
Yet sinless, gifted with the world's best dower
Of high emotions—floating fancy-free
One festive eve o'er Adria's glorious sea
I traced a bark, which far from pleasure's throng
Pealed its wild concerts of rejoicing song;
From cape to cape, from creek to creek, careering
Now far, now near, its freight of music steering;
Now low it breathed, now warbled high and clear
Its sea-borne numbers to the listener's ear,
And, as the landscape was attuned around,
Poured forth its modulations of rich sound;
At times the quavering notes in whispers died
Blent with the murmurs of the waning tide,
At times from echoing caves in loftier strain
Rang out to heaven the harpings of the main;
Whilst I, with oar upraised, and ear intent,
Down to the margin of the waters bent,
In trembling keenness not a tone to miss
Which rapt my soul in deep harmonious bliss.

While all were slumbering round, one joyous pair
Of wedded lovers wooed the midnight air,
Gliding, to enchant their happy moments more,
With lute and song beside the moonlight shore.
The lady, toying with each snowy flake
That glanced and bubbled in their fairy wake,
Gemmed with her nuptial ring the greedy wave;
She stooped to grasp it from the watery grave,
And bowed the gunwale to the surges' brim.
The surge—like water o'er the goblet's rim—
Whelmed them—one cry the cheerless stars beneath—
All had been mirth and song, all silence was, and death.

'Tis thus! The pangs, which o'er my soul did sweep
In that dark hour when the remorseless deep
Closed over them, upon mine heart do swell
Even now, Great Minstrel, at the last farewell
Of thy loved voice, pursued through years of strife—
Most sweet oblivion of the woes of life—
A Spirit's song—A breeze from times gone by,
Cradling our cares in softest melody!
Wild hours of grief, when Reason's throne doth shake,
Long hours of night, which sleep doth all forsake,
Sad hours of watching, which we would deceive,
Dull hours of tedium, which we must relieve,
Phantoms, which round the wearied spirit lour,
Drear voids of thoughts, where man doth still devour
His heart in silence! The magician's tale
In told! Henceforth the charmer's voice must fail
To soothe us, and Time's giant weight prevail.

M. de Lamartine's Reply.

Ainsi tout a son terme, et tout cesse, et tout s'use.
 A ce terrible aveu notre esprit se refuse,
 Nous croyons en tournant les feuillets de nos jours
 Que les pages sans fin en tourneront toujours ;
 Nous croyons que cet arbre au dôme frais et sombre,
 Dont nos jeunes amours cherchent la mousse et l'ombre,
 Sous ses rideaux tendus doit éternellement
 Balancer le zéphyr sur le front de l'amant ;
 Nous croyons que ce flot qui court, murmure et brille,
 Et du bateau bercé caresse en paix la quille,
 Doit à jamais briller, murmurer et flotter,
 Et sur sa molle écume à jamais nous porter ;
 Nous croyons que le livre où notre âme se plonge,
 Et comme en un sommeil nage de songe en songe,
 Doit dérouler sans fin cette prose ou ces vers,
 Horizons enchantés d'un magique univers :
 Mensonges de l'esprit, illusion et ruse
 Dont pour nous retenir ici-bas la vie use !
 Hélas ! tout finit vite : encore un peu de temps,
 L'arbre s'effeuille, et sèche, et jaunit le printemps,
 La vague arrive en poudre à son dernier rivage,
 L'âme à l'ennui, le livre à sa dernière page.

Mais pourquoi donc le tien se ferme-t-il avant
 Que la mort ait fermé ton poème vivant,
 Homère de l'histoire à l'immense Odyssée,
 Qui, répandant si loin ta féconde pensée,
 Soulèves les vieux jours, leur rends l'âme et le corps,
 Comme l'ombre d'un Dieu qui ranime les morts ?
 Ta fibre est plus savante et n'est pas moins sonore.
 Tes jours n'ont pas atteint l'heure qui décolore,
 Ton front n'a pas encor perdu ses cheveux gris,
 Couronne dont la muse orne ses favoris,
 Où, comme dans les pins de ta Calédonie
 La brise des vieux jours est pleine d'harmonie.
 Mais, hélas ! le poète est homme par les sens,
 Homme par la douleur ! Tu le dis, tu le sens ;
 L'argile périssable où tant d'âme palpète,
 Se façonne plus belle et se brise plus vite ;
 Le nectar est divin, mais le vase est mortel ;
 C'est un Dieu dont le poids doit écraser l'autel,
 C'est un souffle trop plein du soir ou de l'aurore
 Qui fait chanter le vent dans un roseau sonore,
 Mais qui, brisé du son, le jette au bord de l'eau
 Comme un chaume séché battu sous le fléau !
 O néant ! ô nature ! ô faiblesse suprême !
 Humiliation pour notre grandeur même !
 Main pesante dont Dieu nous courbe incessamment
 Pour nous prouver sa force et notre abaissement,
 Pour nous dire et redire à jamais qui nous sommes,
 Et pour nous écraser sous ce honteux nom d'hommes !

Je ne m'étonne pas que le bronze et l'airain
 Cèdent leur vie au temps et fondent sous sa main,
 Que les murs de granit, les colosses de pierre
 De Thèbe et de Memphis fassent de la poussière,
 Que Babylone rampe au niveau des déserts,
 Que le roc de Calpé descende au choc des mers,

Thus all things end! all waste away, all die!
And the soul dreads the truth, it would deny;
We turn life's pages in our gorgeous prime,
And hope to turn them still unharmed by time;
We hope, the tree, whose mossy arms sun proof
Shaded our youthful joys with waving roof,
Shall send, from curtains of eternal spring,
To lover's brows the zephyr's wanton wing;
We hope, the flood, which murmurs, flows, and gleams,
Cradling our peaceful bark on tranquil streams,
Shall murmur still, and gleam, and flow forever,
And waft us softly down the gentle river;
We hope the book, where once immersed in song,
From dream to dream our souls were swept along,
Shall still roll forth its endless lays unfurled,
The charmed horizons of a magic world;
All Fancy's falsehoods! flattering frauds of hope!
Chaining to earth our spirit's noble scope!
All ended—and how brief!—another year,
The tree is leafless—dried—ere springtide, sere—
On its last shore the billow bursts in foam,
The book is closed, the spirit wrapt in gloom.

But wherefore is THINE closed, before the night
Of death o'ershades thy living poem's light,
Historic Homer of a vaster lay,
Who spreading wide thy soul's creative ray,
To olden days restorest form and breath—
A present God, reanimating death?
Thy vein is tuneful yet, thy lore more sage,
Thine hours have felt no blighting touch of age,
Thy front is shaded yet with locks of snow,
The muse's garland for a favorite's brow,
Which, like the pines of thine own Scottish land,
By sweetest gales of ancient days are fanned.
And yet the Bard is but a man—In wo—
In feelings—man! This thou dost say—dost know;
The fragile clay, which so much soul doth warm,
Is frailest then when fairest in its form:
Earthly the vase though filled with juice divine!
The God himself, too mighty, rends his shrine:
The winds, too strong, of morn or dewy eve
Their heavenly music from the reeds receive.—
The reeds, which, broken by the sound they gave,
Like storm-lost stubble welter on the wave!
Oh nothingness! oh Nature! deepest scorn,
Humiliation e'en from glory born!
Oh heaviest hand of God who bows us still
To prove our impotence—his ruling will—
To bid us yet again our being scan—
And crush our dust by the mere name of man!

I marvel not that bronze and sculptured brass
Decay, and yield to centuries as they pass;
That granite walls and stone colossi shake,
That Thebes and Memphis dusty whirlwinds make,
That Babylon augments the sandy plain,
That Calpe crumbles to the thundering main.

Et que les vents, pareils aux dents des boucs avides,
 Ecorcent jour à jour le tronc des pyramides :
 Des hommes et des jours ouvrages imparfaits,
 La temps peut les ronger, c'est lui qui les a faits,
 Leur dégradation n'est pas une ruine,
 Et Dieu les aime autant en sable qu'en colline ;
 Mais qu'un esprit divin, souffle immatériel
 Qui jaillit de Dieu seul comme l'éclair du ciel,
 Que le temps n'a point fait, que nul climat n'altère,
 Qui ne doit rien au feu, rien à l'onde, à la terre,
 Qui, plus il a compté de soleils et de jours,
 Plus il se sent d'élan pour s'élancer toujours,
 Plus il sent, au torrent de force qui l'enivre,
 Qu'avoir vécu pour l'homme est sa raison de vivre ;
 Qui colore le monde en le réfléchissant ;
 Dont la pensée est l'être, et qui crée en pensant ;
 Qui, donnant à son œuvre un rayon de sa flamme,
 Fait tout sortir de rien, et vivre de son âme,
 Enfante avec un mot comme fit Jéhova,
 Se voit dans ce qu'il fait, s'applaudit, et dit : Va !
 N'a ni soir, ni matin, mais chaque jour s'éveille
 Aussi jeune, aussi neuf, aussi Dieu que la veille ;
 Que cet esprit captif dans les liens du corps
 Sente en lui tout-à-coup défaillir ses ressorts,
 Et, comme le mourant qui s'éteint mais qui pense,
 Mesure à son cadran sa propre décadence,
 Qu'il sente l'univers se dérober sous lui,
 Levier divin qui sent manquer le point d'appui,
 Aigle pris du vertige en son vol sur l'abîme,
 Qui sent l'air s'affaïsser sous son aile et s'abîme,
 Ah ! voilà le néant que je ne comprende pas !
 Voilà la mort, plus mort que la mort d'ici-bas,
 Voilà la véritable et complète ruine !
 Auguste et saint débris devant qui je m'incline,
 Voilà ce qui fait honte ou ce qui fait frémir,
 Gémissement que Job oublia de gémir !

Ton esprit a porté le poids de ce problème ;
 Sain dans un corps infirme il se juge lui-même ;
 Tes organes vaincus parlent pour t'avertir ;
 Tu sens leur décadence, heureux de la sentir,
 Heureux que la raison te prêtant sa lumière,
 T'arrête avant la chute au bord de la carrière !
 Eh bien ! ne rougis pas au moment de t'asseoir ;
 Laisse un long crépuscule à l'éclat de ton soir :
 Notre tâche commence et la tienne est finie :
 C'est à nous maintenant d'embaumer ton génie.
 Ah ! si comme la tienne mon génie était roi,
 Si je pouvais d'un mot évoquer devant toi
 Les fantômes divins dont ta plume féconde
 Des héros, des amants a peuplé l'autre monde ;
 Les sites enchantés que ta main a décrits,
 Paysages vivants dans la pensée écrits ;
 Les nobles sentiments s'élevant de tes pages
 Comme autant de parfums des odorantes plages ;
 Et les hautes vertus que ton art fit germer,
 Et les saints dévouements que ta voix fait aimer ;

That winds—like deer which strip the forest's pride—
Rend flinty atoms from the enduring side
Of rock-built pyramids—vain works of earth :
Time can destroy them for he ruled their birth ;
God in their ruin sees nor fall nor shame,
To him their grandeur, and their dust the same.
But that a spark divine, a deathless soul,
Which springs from God, as lightnings from the pole—
Which time produced not, climate cannot sway—
Which owns no kin to sea, to fire, to clay—
Which as it counts more suns, more days survives,
Still for eternity more keenly strives—
Which feels the more—as more extends its span—
It then lives only, when it lives for man—
Whose dreams o'er Fancy's world new flowers can wreath—
Whose thoughts are creatures, and whose creatures breathe—
Which by its own bright radiance can inform
The airy nothings, which its soul doth warm—
Whose word—like God's own fiat—can renew
Its own fair form, till all its creatures shew
Their Maker's glory to man's dazzled view.
Which knows nor morn nor eve—but hails each light,
As young, as new, as Godlike, as at night—
That such a soul, while clogged with mouldering clay
Can feel the springs of life at once give way,
And—as a mortal who expires yet thinks—
Measure its own decline the while it sinks,
And feel the universe beneath it yield—
A self-poised lever by no base upheld—
An eagle, dazzled in his pride of place,
Who feels his pinions fail, and drops through boundless space—
This is the doom, no mortal mind may scan—
More death, than aught of death which falls to man—
The truest ruin—most abhorred blow !
Thou grand yet shattered pile, to which we bow,
Thine is the fate we dread, yet shame to own,
The wo of woes which Job forgot to moan.

Thy mind hath solved this doubt, which could divine
The soul's extinction from the shell's decline ;
Thy failing organs did themselves reveal ;
And thou didst feel the warning—blest to feel !
Blest, that thy reason's undiminished ray
E'en on the verge of fate thy course did stay !
Then blush not—as thy glories set—to leave
A lingering twilight to thy gorgeous eve.
Our toils commence—while thine have seen their close—
Ours be the task to gild thy soul's repose—
Oh that my genius had the kingly sway
Before thine eyes by magic to display
The phantom forms—lovers, or warrior-men—
Which peopled worlds from thy prolific pen ;
The enchanted regions, which thy hand displays,
The living landscapes, traced in Fancy's lays,
The noble thoughts, which from thy pages rise,
Like earth-born perfumes steaming to the skies—
The lofty virtues, which thy words create,
The deep devotions, which they consecrate !

M. de Lamartine's Reply.

Dans un cadre où ta vie entrerait tout entière,
 Je les ferais jaillir tous devant ta paupière,
 Je les concentrerais dans un brillant miroir,
 Et, dans un seul regard, ton œil pourrait te voir !
 Semblables à ces feux, dans la nuit éternelle,
 Qui viennent saluer la main qui les appelle,
 Je les ferais passer rayonnants devant toi ;
 Vaste création qui saluerait son roi !
 Je les réunirais en couronne choisie,
 Dont chaque fleur serait amour et poésie,
 Et je te forcerais, toi qui veux la quitter,
 A respirer ta gloire avant de la jeter.

Cette gloire sans tache, et ces jours sans nuage,
 N'ont point pour ta mémoire à déchirer de page ;
 La main du tendre enfant peut t'ouvrir au hasard,
 Saus qu'un mot corrupteur étonne son regard,
 Sans que de tes tableaux la suave décence
 Fasse rougir un front couronné d'innocence ;
 Sur la table du soir, dans la veillée admis,
 La famille te compte au nombre des amis,
 Se fie à ton honneur, et laisse sans scrupule
 Passer de main en main le livre qui circule ;
 La vierge, en te lisant, qui ralentit son pas,
 Si sa mère survient ne te dérobe pas,
 Mais relit au grand jour le passage qu'elle aime,
 Comme en face du Ciel tu l'écrivis toi-même,
 Et s'endort aussi pure après t'avoir fermé,
 Mais de grace et d'amour le cœur plus parfumé.
 Un Dieu descend toujours pour dénouer ton drame,
 Toujours la Providence y veille et nous proclame
 Cette justice occulte et ce divin ressort
 Qui fait jouer le temps et gouverne le sort ;
 Dans les cent mille aspects de ta gloire infinie
 C'est toujours la raison qui guide ton génie.
 Ce n'est pas du désert le cheval indompté
 Trainant de Mazeppa le corps ensanglanté,
 Et, comme le torrent tombant de cime en cime,
 Précipitant son maître au trône ou dans l'abîme ;
 C'est le coursier de Job, fier, mais obéissant,
 Faisant sonner du pied le sol retentissant,
 Se fiant à ses flancs comme l'aigle à son aile,
 Prêtant sa bouche au frein et son dos à la selle ;
 Puis, quand en quatre bonds le désert est franchi,
 Jouant avec le mors que l'écume a blanchi,
 Touchant sans le passer le but qu'on lui désigne,
 Et sous la main qu'on tend courbant son cou de cygne.

Voilà l'homme, voilà le pontife immortel !
 Pontife que Dieu fit pour parfumer l'autel,
 Pour dérober au sphinx le mot de la nature,
 Pour jeter son flambeau dans notre nuit obscure,
 Et nous faire épeler, dans ses divins accents,
 Ce grand livre du sort dont lui seul a le sens.

Aussi dans ton repos, que ton heureux navire
 Soit poussé par l'Eurus, ou flatté du Zéphire.

Then should they flash before thy spirits scan,
And life's wide range a portrait's frame should span,
O'er one resplendent mirror should they roll,
Till an eye's glance should comprehend the whole.
Like meteor fires, which gleam through endless night,
To meet the hand which beckons forth their light,
The brilliant crowd before thy face should spring,
A vast creation to salute their king!
One glorious crown should bind the glittering throng,
Whose every flower should breathe of love and song,
Till thou, perforce, before the spell did break,
Shouldst know the glory, which thou wouldst forsake.

That spotless glory,—those unclouded days,
Must tear no pages to preserve thy praise;
The tenderest infant may thy lays unroll,
Nor mark one word to taint the purest soul;
Nor could thy decent pencil's warmest glow,
Call forth one blush from Beauty's brow of snow;
Admitted to the hearth, thy page at eve
Domestic circles as a friend receive,
Trust to thine honor, and without a thought
Of shame or dread, thy legends send about;
The maid, who reads, no bashful tremor owns,
Nor hides the volume from a mother's frowns,
But turns her favorite leaves in day's full light,
As thou didst pen them in heaven's cloudless sight;
And sinks as purely to her night's repose,
While with more grace, more love, her bosom glows.
A God descends thy mysteries to unseal,
A Providence, which watches to reveal
That hidden justice, that immortal might,
Which sports with time, and fate involves in night.
In all the varied forms thine art hath tried,
'Tis reason still, whose rays thy genius guide,
No desert steed unscarred by spur or thong
Whirling Mazeppa's blood-stained trunk along,
Hurrying his master, with the whirlwind's breath,
Or to the throne of power, or pit of death:
But Job's high courser, who with nostril wide
Pawing the vale, rejoicing in his pride,
Untired—as soaring eagles—on the plain
Yields loin and mouth to rider and to rein;
Then, when his winged bounds have swept the course,
Champs the foam-spotted curb which sways his force,
Attains, but ne'er o'ersteps, the destined goal,
And bows his swanlike crest to mild control.

Thou wert the man! Thou the high priest divine!
Sent forth by God to consecrate his shrine,
To rob Bœotia's sphinx of Nature's light,
And wave the torch through tracts of rayless night,
Whose voice to darkling mortals might explain
That book, whose meanings thou alone could'st gain.

Whether, in thy repose, by eastern gales
Thy barque glides on, or zephyr woos thy sails,

Et, partout où la mer étend son vaste sein,
 Flotte d'un ciel à l'autre aux deux bords du bassin ;
 Ou que ton char, longeant la crête des montagnes,
 Porte en bas ton regard sur nos tièdes campagnes,
 Partout où ton œil voit du pont de ton vaisseau
 Le phare ou le clocher sortir du bleu de l'eau,
 Ou le môle blanchi par les flots d'une plage
 Etendre en mer un bras de ville ou de village ;
 Partout où ton regard voit au flanc des coteaux
 Pyramider en noir les tours des vieux châteaux,
 Ou flotter les vapeurs haleines de nos villes,
 Ou des plus humbles toits le soir rougir les tuiles,
 Tu peux dire, en ouvrant ton cœur à l'amitié,
 Ici l'on essuierait la poudre de mon pié,
 Ici dans quelque cœur mon âme s'est versée,
 Car tout un siècle pense et vit de ma pensée !
 Il ne t'a rien manqué pour égaler du front
 Ces noms pour qui le temps n'a plus d'ombre et d'affront,
 Ces noms majestueux que l'épopée élève
 Comme une cime humaine au-dessus de la grève,
 Que d'avoir concentré dans un seul monument
 La puissance et l'effort de ton enfantement.
 Mais tout homme a trop peu de jours pour sa pensée :
 La main sèche sur l'œuvre à peine commencée,
 Notre bras n'atteint pas aussi loin que notre œil ;
 Soyons donc indulgents même pour notre orgueil.
 Les monuments complets ne sont pas œuvre d'homme :
 Un siècle les commence, un autre les consomme ;
 Encor ces grands témoins de notre humanité
 Accusent sa faiblesse et sa brièveté ;
 Nous y portons chacun le sable avec la foule ;
 Qu'importe, quand plus tard notre Babel s'écroule,
 D'avoir porté nous-même à ces longs monuments
 L'humble brique cachée au sein des fondements,
 Ou la pierre sculptée où notre vain nom vive ?
 Notre nom est néant quelque part qu'on l'inscrive.

Spectateur fatigué du grand spectacle humain,
 Tu nous laisses pourtant dans un rude chemin :
 Les nations n'ont plus ni barde ni prophète
 Pour enchanter leur route et marcher à leur tête ;
 Un tremblement de trône a secoué les rois,
 Les chefs comptent par jour et les règnes par mois ;
 Le souffle impétueux de l'humaine pensée,
 Equinoxe brûlant dont l'âme est renversée,
 Ne permet à personne, et pas même en espoir,
 De se tenir debout au sommet du pouvoir,
 Mais poussant tour à tour les plus forts sur la cime,
 Les frappe de vertige et les jette à l'abîme ;
 En vain le monde invoque un sauveur, un appui,
 Le temps plus fort que nous nous entraîne sous lui :
 Lorsque la mer est basse un enfant la gourmande,
 Mais tout homme est petit quand une époque est grande.
 Regarde : citoyens, rois, soldat ou tribun
 Dieu met la main sur tous et n'en choisit pas un ;
 Et le pouvoir, rapide et brûlant météore,
 En tombant sur nos fronts nous juge et nous dévore.

Where'er vast ocean rolls his azure plain
In either hemisphere, on either main—
Or if thy car cresting the mountain's brow
Spreads to thy gaze our glowing plains below—
Where'er from deck thine eagle eye surveys
Turret or light-house looming through the haze,
Or the long reach of some fair city's pier
With storm-bleached roofs amidst the waves career—
Where'er thou seest some castle's giant gloom
Frown o'er the woodland's shade, the valleys bloom ;—
Or from our towns the vapors heaven-ward stream,
Or cottage casements to the sunset gleam—
Here, as thy heart expands, here mayest thou say
Friends from my feet will wipe the dust away :
Here hath my spirit power—a century drinks
Life from my thoughts, and by my genius thinks.
There lacks thee nothing—to exceed in might
Those names, which time can neither hide nor slight,
Those names majestic, reared by Epic lore,
Like human pyramids above the shore—
Save to have piled one monument alone
With all the powers, thy thousand toils have shown.
Man lives too briefly for his mind's career—
The work half ended when the life is sere—
Longer our vision's than our corporal span,
Then be we just, even for the pride of man !
Such works complete are not the toils of one,
This age must finish what the last begun ;
These mighty witnesses of mental sway,
Must witness too, Life's weakness and decay ;
With all the throng we labored at the walls ;
And what avails it, when our Babel falls,
That we ourselves to those foundations brought
The humble stone, on which the pile was wrought,
The stone, on which our name is graven still ?
Our name is nothing—write it as you will.

Wearied by Life's vast scene thou leav'st us now,
And rude the path where once our guide wert thou—
The nations have nor seer, nor bard divine,
To enchant their march, and in their van to shine ;
A thrones convulsion seals a prince's fate—
Rulers by days, by months do kingdoms date ;
The impetuous ferment of the human soul,
That burning breath, which shakes the mind's control,
Permits to none, scarce e'en in hope, the might
To stand undazzled on Power's topmost height,
But each, in turn the strongest, rears to bliss,
Dizzies their brains, and hurls them to the abyss.
The crowd in vain a prop, a savior, craves,
Time whirls them on with his resistless waves :
An infant stems the sea whose tides are low,
But men are infants to the surge's flow.
Kings—subjects—soldiers—tribunes—look around—
God weighs you all, but none are worthy found :
And Power's red meteor with terrific gloom
Glares on your fronts, to judge you, and consume.

C'en est fait : la parole a soufflé sur les mers,
 Le chaos bout et couve un second univers,
 Et pour le genre humain que le sceptre abandonne
 Le salut est dans tous et n'est plus dans personne.
 A l'immense roulis d'un océan nouveau,
 Aux oscillations du ciel et du vaisseau,
 Aux gigantesques flots qui croulent sur nos têtes,
 On sent que l'homme aussi double un cap des tempêtes,
 Et passe sous la foudre et sous l'obscurité
 Le tropique orageux d'une autre humanité.

Aussi jamais les flots où l'éclair se rallume
 N'ont jeté vers le ciel plus de bruit et d'écume,
 Dans leurs gouffres béants englouti plus de mâts,
 Porté l'homme plus haut pour le lancer plus bas,
 Noyé plus de fortune et sur plus de rivages
 Poussé plus de débris et d'illustres naufrages :
 Tous les royaumes veufs d'hommes-rois sont peuplés ;
 Ils échangent entre eux leurs maîtres exilés.
 J'ai vu l'ombre des Stuarts, veuve du triple empire,
 Mendier le soleil et l'air qu'elle respire,
 L'héritier de l'Europe et de Napoléon,
 Déshérité du monde et déchu de son nom,
 De peur qu'un si grand nom qui seul tient une histoire
 N'eût un trop frêle écho d'un si grand son de gloire.

E't toi-même en montant au sommet de tes tours
 Tu peux voir le plus grand des débris de nos jours,
 De leur soleil natal deux plantes orphelines
 Du palais d'Edimbourg couronner les ruines! . . .
 Ah! lorsque, s'échappant des fentes d'un tombeau,
 Cette tige germa sous un rayon plus beau,
 Quand la France envoyant ses salves à l'Europe,
 Annonçait son miracle aux flots de Parthénope,
 Quand moi-même d'un vers pressé de le bénir
 Sur un fils du destin j'invoquais l'avenir,
 Je ne me doutais pas qu'avec tant d'espérance
 Le vent de la fortune, hélas! jouait d'avance,
 Emportant tant de joie et tant de vœux dans l'air
 Avec le bruit du bronze et son rapide éclair,
 Et qu'avant que l'enfant pût manier ses armes
 Les bardes sur son sort n'auraient plus que des larmes! . . .
 Des larmes? non, leur lyre a de plus nobles voix :
 Ah! s'il échappe au trône écueil de tant de rois,
 Si comme un nourrisson qu'on jette à la lionne
 A la rude infortune à nourrir Dieu le donne,
 Ce sort ne vaut-il pas les berceaux triomphants?
 Toujours l'ombre d'un trône est fatale aux enfants,
 Toujours des Tigellins l'haleine empoisonnée
 Tue avant le printemps les germes de l'année!
 Qu'il grandisse au soleil, à l'air libre, aux autans,
 Qu'il lutte sans cuirasse avec l'esprit du temps ;
 De quelque nom qu'amour, haine, ou pitié le nomme,
 Néant ou majesté, roi proscrit, qu'il soit homme!
 D'un trône dévorant qu'il ne soit pas jaloux :
 La puissance est au sort, nos vertus sont à nous.
 Qu'il console à lui seul son errante famille :
 Plus obscure est la nuit et plus l'étoile y brille!

'Tis done!—The spirit moves upon the sea,
Old chaos heaves—Another world shall be—
And men shall find, as ancient sceptres fall,
The safety, they despaired in one, from all.
By the strange swell with which the waters rise,
The ship's mad plunges, and the wheeling skies,
We learn, and from the billows' ruffian play,
That round some stormy cape our course we lay,
Passing with thunderous crash, and darkness drear,
An angry tropic to another sphere.

And never waves illumed by lightnings glare,
Hurled wilder spray athwart the startled air,
Whelmed loftier masts beneath their gulfs profound,
Or from their pitch more victims dashed aground,
Swallowed more wealth, or on their rockbound coast
More wrecks sublime of lordliest galleys tost.
All widowed realms with exiled kings are rife
Exchanging outcast lords in wanton strife.
I saw, the Stuart—his triple kingdom reft—
Beg the poor boon of life his foes had left—
And young Napoleon—heir to Europe's fame—
Stripped of his right—The world! his father's name!--
Lest the proud history in that title found,
Should wake an echo to the parent sound.

Thou too—whene'er thy turrets thou dost climb--
Canst mark the saddest wreck of recent time,
Two orphan plants which mourn their native earth
Crowning old Holyrood's deserted hearth.
Alas! when greenly budding from the tomb
Beneath a brighter sun those plants did bloom--
When—trumpet-tongued—France sent to nations round
Her stormy pleasure in the cannon's sound--
When I myself invoked with strains of joy,
A glorious future for the royal boy--
Not then I deemed, tht Fortune's wavering air
Should mock a people's hope, a Father's prayer;
All vows dispersing to oblivion dark,
With thunder's clang, and lightning's rapid spark--
That—e'er the boy could manhood's armor bear--
His bards should lack all tribute—save a tear.
A tear?—Their lyre shall wake a nobler tone!
If he escape, that bane of kings, the throne--
If God, like babes brute-nurtured in the wild,
By stern misfortune nerve his chosen child--
What royal bowers may vie with such a lot?--
Thrones chill the buds, they shade, but shelter not;
And Flattery's plague with pestilential wing,
Ere summer blights the promise of the spring!
Then let him grow, to the free sun, and wind,
And strive unbucklered with the march of mind.
Love, pity, hate, may style him as they can,
Monarch, or Exile—Let him live a MAN.
Let him not languish for a thorny crown--
To have, is Fortune's, to deserve, our own!
In kindred hearts he yet may reign supreme.
Dark is the sky, whose stars most brightly beam!

Et, si comme un timide et faible passager
 Que l'on jette à la mer à l'heure du danger,
 La liberté prenant un enfant pour victime,
 Le jette au gouffre ouvert pour refermer l'abîme,
 Qu'il y tombe sans peur, qu'il y dorme innocent
 De ce qu'un trône coûte à recrépir de sang ;
 Qu'il s'égale à son sort, au plus haut comme au pire ;
 Qu'il ne se pèse pas, enfant, contre un empire ;
 Qu'à l'humanité seule il résigne ses droits :
 Jamais le sang du peuple a-t-il sacré les rois ?

Mais adieu ; d'un cœur plein l'eau déborde, et j'oublie
 Que ta voile frissonne aux brises d'Italie,
 Et t'enlève à la scène où s'agite le sort,
 Comme l'aile du cygne à la vase du bord.
 Vénérable vieillard, poursuis ton doux voyage :
 Que le vent du midi dérobe à chaque plage
 L'air vital de ces mers que tu vas respirer ;
 Que l'oranger s'effeuille afin de t'enivrer ;
 Que dans chaque horizon ta paupière ravie
 Boive avec la lumière une goutte de vie !
 Si jamais sur ces mers dont le doux souvenir
 M'émeut comme un coursier qu'un autre entend hennir,
 Mon navire inconnu glissant sous peu de voile
 Venait à rencontrer sous quelque heureuse étoile
 Le dôme au triple pont qui berce ton repos,
 Je jetterais de joie une autre bague aux flots ;
 Mes yeux contempleraient ton large front d'Homère,
 Palais des songes d'or, gouffre de la chimère,
 Où tout l'Océan entre et bouillonne en entrant
 Et d'où des flots sans fin sortent en murmurant,
 Chaos où retentit ta parole profonde
 Et d'où tu fais jaillir les images du monde ;
 J'inclinerais mon front sous ta puissante main
 Qui de joie et de pleurs pétrit le genre humain ;
 J'emporterais dans l'œil la rayonnante image
 D'un de ces hommes-siècle et qui nomment un âge ;
 Mes lèvres garderaient le sel de tes discours,
 Et je séparerais ce jour de tous mes jours,
 Comme au temps où d'en haut les célestes génies,
 Prenant du voyageur les sandales bénies,
 Marchaient dans nos sentiers ; les voyageurs pieux
 Dont l'apparition avait frappé les yeux,
 L'œil encore ébloui du sillon de lumière,
 Marquaient du pied la place, y roulaient une pierre,
 Pour conserver visible à leurs postérités
 L'heure où l'homme de Dieu les avait visités.

And if—as victims to the ocean cast
For guiltier lives to appease the howling blast—
A child must suffer for a people's woes
By Freedom headlong hurled, the gulf to close—
There fearless let him sink,—there sleep unknown,—
Nor wade through slaughter to a blood-bought throne!
But, girt for Fate's extreme of good or ill,
Weigh not himself against an Empire's will!
His rights let him resign for Nature's good—
Are king's ennobled by their country's blood?

But fare thee well—my brimming heart doth fail,
Nor marks the wind, which fluttering in your sail
Shall waft to shores, where Fate doth blindly veer
Like the vexed wave beneath the swan's career.—
Go, Bard revered, thy peaceful course pursue,
And may each gale, that curls those waters blue,
Bear health and freshness on their breezy wing;
May orange flowers their perfumes round thee fling,
May every tint, that gilds the evening sky,
Pour light and life on thine enraptured eye.
If, on those seas—whose memory stirs my mind,
Like steeds which hear strange neighings on the wind—
If, on those seas, my barque unknown afar
Should haply meet—beneath some favoring star—
The three-decked pile which cradles thy repose,
A ring to ocean should my joy disclose.
On thy broad front my gaze entranced should dwell,—
Palace of golden dreams,—thought's living well,—
Gulf—to which Fancy's waves unnumbered throng,
And issue thence in floods of endless song,—
Chaos—from which thy voice divine is heard,
And worlds spring forth at thy creative word.—
That master hand should bless a pupil's brow,
That hand, which steeps all hearts in joy or wo.
Thy form should live engraved on memory's page,
Thyself an epoch—namer of an age—
Thy words my soul should store—That morning's ray
Should stand an high-tide, and an holiday.
As—when celestial beings deigned of old,
In human guise their glories to enfold,
And walk Earth's ways,—the pilgrim who beheld
Immortal forms to mortal ken revealed,
His eyes yet dazzled by the unearthly glare,
Marked the blest spot, and piled memorials there,
That countless ages might the place record,
Where men had seen the Spirit, and adored.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

"I know you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me; the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away *my* blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us."

As You Like It.

It is matter of much curious speculation, and may be productive of many salutary lessons, to take a retrospective view of the strange mutations that have taken place in the various nations of the earth; to trace the rise and progress of the people in its different countries, from their state of primitive simplicity, or from barbarism, until they attained the plenitude of their splendor; and then to note the gradual decline of so large a proportion of them, not only from political power and strength, to a condition of subjugation or dependence, but also from wisdom and refinement to degradation and moral debasement.

The moral page has always been favorable to that species of philosophy which consists in *knowing one's self*; and perhaps there is no part of that page, which offers more liberal assistance in the acquisition of such knowledge, than that which exhibits the nature of mankind in the vicissitudes to which they have been continually exposed and subjected. The reflections to which faithful considerations on such matters will necessarily give rise, are favorable to the moderation of our pride and exultation in circumstances of fancied superiority; and to hope and encouragement, when we imagine the balance of advantages to be at present against us.

Scarcely in any part of the habitable globe need we look in vain for proofs of the truth with which the poet sings, that

"Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour."

From the earliest ages to our own day, and in every quarter of the world, this remark, so humiliating to human pride, so mortifying to human vanity, and so superior to human reason, meets us at every step; and should teach us to entertain that brotherly kindness towards all mankind, and to view their manners, their acts, and their condition in society, with that benevolence of aspect which only an honest conviction of its truth can dictate, and to which the reflection of the alternate rise and fall that overhang the destinies of every people, should ever incite us.

The subject is not uninteresting even in those periods which may be called the infancy of history; and as it approaches nearer and nearer towards our times, so does it increase in importance. We find that human nature is at all times the same, and that any greater degrees of stability have only been the result of occasionally wiser regulations or stricter discipline; yet wherein there has still been found the universal leaven of human fallibility; and however some of the nations of old might hold out, in support of their power and institutions, they finally had to submit to the common fate; that, namely, of overthrow and submission to barbarians, who in turn were destined to shine perhaps for a season, and in turn to have their light extinguished by another aspiring race.

Without dwelling on the accounts which have been handed down to us of the Assyrians and Medes, as being too remote from accurate investigation, to be unquestionable on the score of authenticity,—yet whose history must have some foundation in truth—it may be enough to remark, that both sacred and profane writers abundantly prove to us, that Assyria was once the greatest among the nations, and that now the inhabitants of her plains are amongst the most degraded of human beings, exceeded, in moral prostration, perhaps by one nation only, upon whom the lights of civilized life have at any time fallen, and which must be the subject of farther animadversion in the next place.

It is evident from innumerable proofs, that the Assyrians were far advanced over the surrounding countries in civilization, in population, in policy, and in arts. They made extensive conquests, and although the theory of government in those early times might not be near so correct as we presume it to be at present, yet it was superior, in their case, to that of their contemporaries in general. They built splendid cities, they performed mighty works, they explored deeply into the mysteries of science, they overran immense tracts of country, and subjugated nations which at that time were esteemed both wise and warlike. All these things they did,—and what remains of those magnificent achievements? Not a vestige of ancient Assyria, or of Assyrian conquests can be found. The very name has perished from the nomenclature of modern geography, and hordes of barbarians,—ferocious, desperate, and cruel barbarians, of another race and name,—now roam over the land of the first great empire of the globe; to whom the splendid reign of a Semiramis, or the sensual debaucheries of a Sardanapalus are equally unknown; whilst the nations subdued by the former possessors of the land, are in many cases still existing, and even flourishing under their original patronymic.

A similar, nay, if possible, a worse fate has befallen Egypt. Egypt, the mother of science and arts,—the nurse of learning,—the inventress or the founder of all that was excellent in the learning of antiquity, indeed, of much that preserves its original value, and of all that was ingenious in human imagination. Egypt to which we owe letters, science, and philosophy; her children, once the most enlightened under heaven, now the most besotted and brutalized of all that own the human lineage. Egypt, that once sent forth her armies to conquest and to fame; that extended her force over Asia, and instructed the whole world in her wisdom, is sunk in the very mire of ignorance and degradation: literally as well as figuratively fulfilling the prophecy of the patriarch, that “a servant of servants” she should become.

The pride of ancient commerce, PHœNICIA, situated, as was then well believed, in the most favorable spot of the whole earth for contributing to general convenience, and for enriching her own children; whose cities were the envy and delight of all the powerful of her day; whose merchants were princes, and whose dwellings were palaces; the emporium of the world, which distributed the treasures of every region according to the wants and wishes of each; where or what is she now? Has her intercourse with all the world given her wisdom to preserve and perpetuate her name? Surely commerce opens wide the eyes of men to their own best national interests, by enabling them to know and judge of strength and

weakness in human government and policy! Surely that all-pervading, all-powerful motive, self-interest, sharpened by the continual interchange with all the earth, would teach them to examine with discretion, and to resolve with prudence. Surely the rich and sagacious merchants of Tyre and Sidon, would both understand and practise the art which is conceived to be the best, in earthly governments, to secure protection to themselves and security to their property! No such thing! Tyre and Sidon are now reduced to miserable villages, despoiled of their splendor, abandoned by their trade,—their enterprising citizens are no more,—their country is in the hands of the Saracens. The advances in science and discovery, have rendered their hitherto envied and enviable situation of comparatively small moment, the very art in which she excelled, and in which they far surpassed all the people of their age, has so changed its features and expanded its magnitude, as to turn their most astonishing exploits into petty adventures. And with Phœnicia, has disappeared the fairest of her daughters. Carthage is no more. She who swept the Mediterranean with her fleets, and ranged the western coasts of Europe,—whose valor and whose greatness threw the safety of the future mistress of the world into hazard—is no longer to be counted among the nations—her destruction was threatened and executed by a sister republic, but the sentence of “*Carthago delenda est*” was the fiat of a greater power than that of Cato.

What has been the fate of Greece? The pride of eloquence, of science, and of arts! Dwell for a moment on *her* history; read in the chapter which she presents, the instability of human glory, wisdom, and virtue. From the most savage and barbarous of mankind, from even Cymmerian darkness, she became the most enlightened, the most polished of all the ancient states. Her legislators have been the admiration and the teachers of all after-ages; the songs of her bards still lift the heart with transport, and attract universal regard and imitation; the voices of her orators still move all hearts, and are the models of all who aspire to persuade. The philosophy of her sages—is it not taught in every seat of learning—does it not form part of the education of every thinking man,—has it not been the progenitor of truths, to which it could never itself attain? Yet with all these advantages,—with a coast nearly all round her, expressly adapted for commerce, and the maintenance of fleets,—with a face of country which has ever been found favorable to the cultivation of freedom,—which is the natural seat of liberty,—with stupendous defiles, her safeguards from the approaches of an enemy, as the proudest of her foes had cause to lament,—with the feats of her warriors, the wisdom of her senators, the examples of her patriots, the remembrance of the countless myriads, who in vain attempted her overthrow, and who were themselves expelled with utter shame and disgrace,—with the knowledge of every sort of art which was then in use, except *the art of preserving unanimity among her sons*, she fell,—miserably fell. A political suicide was her fate, and she gradually sunk into a sensual and contemptible people. For centuries have her children been the slaves of the turbaned Turk—himself the slave of a lawless despot;—they have been made to “drink the bitter cup of misery” to the very dregs. But a dormant spark of moral energy remained in a Grecian soul;—it has been fanned into a flame, and she is again free from the yoke of an oppressor; again she may emulate the days of yore, happy if the lessons of adversity

can teach her, that in *union* only she may expect safety, and a permanent name in the geography of the world,—happy if her citizens will remember the days that are past, and adopt as a maxim to be written on the door-posts of their houses, and to meet their eyes under every circumstance of time and place, “*divide et impera.*”

But, above all, what has become of IMPERIAL ROME,—the former mistress of the world? Where is she that, from the smallest, the most contemptible of beginnings,—from the very refuse of the earth, who were equally hated and contemned by their neighbors,—from a band of marauders, with whom not even the contemporary barbarians would condescend to mingle,—she, that against every obstacle struggled first into might, and then into dominion? The patriots of the Roman Republic are the theme of every tongue,—our children are taught to venerate their names from the moment they are able to pronounce them;—the wisdom of the Roman institutions and laws has been the basis of all the legislation of modern times—not a nation of the civilized world but is living under some modification of them. Yet, notwithstanding all this,—though the splendor of her conquests, the greatness of her power, the wisdom of her policy, the eloquence of her orators, the excellence of her writers in every class of literature—have been the theme of every pen—the study of every mind—from their own day to the present, and will still continue to be so whilst the earth shall endure; where is she, herself? The nursing mother of a sublime progeny,—she has long been the prey of the Scythian, the Goth, the German,—barbarians whom she affected to treat with contempt, and left to wander in their trackless forests and extensive wastes. Alas! she became luxurious,—enervated; a long train of brilliant successes had corrupted all the sterner virtues of the Roman character; riches, and their attendant sensuality, undid the labors of poverty, hardihood and honor. The swarms from the northern hive found Rome ready conquered by her vices, and they had little more to do, than to enter in and take possession. A monstrous, overgrown territory, like a body with disproportioned and incongruous members, bloated with luxury, and diseased with intemperance, was at the mercy of any healthy, lively antagonist that should offer,—and she fell—in every direction fell—never to rise again as *Imperial Rome*.

In the mean while, the barbarous conquerors of those great empires began to advance, though but slowly, from that ferocious thirst for conquest and plunder which was their characteristic. The half savage tribes described by Cæsar and Tacitus, exhibited germs of a polity and strength, which had not been predicated of them. The incursions upon the Roman territory being made by various bands and at various seasons, gradually formed the different nations of Europe; and we now behold not only the rude Goth inhabiting the fertile fields of Spain and Lusitania, the Celt become powerful in Belgium and the British Isles, and the Frank in Gaul, but the Sarmatian and the Scandinavian have risen into civilization and refinement, and the former has even run through her race. Alas! that her noble sons should have been crushed by cruel and bloodthirsty ambition, or by the more base incentive of sordid, personal, advantages!

But the revolutions produced by time are still greater than we have yet surveyed. The very retreat of the Roman name,—the eastern empire, is in the hands of the lawless Turk. The sons of Othman exercise their bloody

rule, where the first Christian monarch established his dominion;—even the title of the Holy Roman Empire we have seen transferred to the woods of Germany, the habitations of the bands of outlaws whose sport was war, and who laughed at letters; and in our own day that title has become utterly extinct. Add to all this, the very Hyperboreans, the most remote of mankind, of whom but even a faint idea was entertained,—seen by few, and accounts of them invested with mystery, horror, and fable, compose now the largest dominion upon earth. Fast growing into power, rapidly improving in arts and civilization, it is regarded with surprise, mixed with fear, by the greater part of the old world, as the probable foundation of a *new* universal empire under the sway of the *Autocrat of all the Russias*.

In the mean while,—may it be urged,—the theory of government, both moral and political, is better comprehended and fixed upon a firmer basis than in ancient times. The eyes of every nation are turned towards the acts of those which surround them,—the balance of power is understood; public morals and feelings are corrected since the blessed doctrines of Christianity have been spread abroad; and the general melioration of the condition of mankind leaves fewer barbarous nations to act, and causes a more rapid and equable action and re-action in the great mass of the world. Has experience proved this? Setting aside the generations between the reign of Tiberius and that of Constantine, is the history of nations less sanguinary from the term of the latter to the present? Has the thirst for dominion been repressed, or has it been sated with a smaller proportion of human blood?

The blessed influences of the Christian precepts have been deeply and beneficially felt through the entire range of private society; they have softened all the harsh parts of the human character; they have rendered man more willing to do good and justice to man; they have substituted a code of morals infinitely superior to those of pagan antiquity, and they have taught the exercise of the virtues of humanity to seek a higher source and a better reward, than could the best of the schoolmen. But this influence is individual and not collective. The glare of conquests dazzles the view and hides the iniquity of the cause;—we look upon the conqueror with admiration of his prowess, and forget that he is but a wholesale murderer.

“From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede,”

and from the Swede to Napoleon, the voice of ambition is all-powerful, and but too readily obeyed.

Thus then we perceive, that power, dominion, literature, and art, have been gradually travelling westward, from the plains of Assyria and Mesopotamia. But did they find their bourn on the shores of the great Atlantic? No! science had for some time been struggling for expansion, when COLUMBUS,—the aspiring and the brave,—the wise and the determined,—ventured forth upon the bosom of the unknown ocean,—fearlessly breasted waves which never keel had touched,—unmoved by the terrors, the intreaties, the threats of meaner men,—and gave to the wondering age,—A NEW WORLD! A world surpassing all previous belief, in the extent of its natural riches and advantages, the beauty of its scenery, its exuberant soil, its profusion of forests, its magnificent rivers, its depth of bays, the simplicity of its people. All inspired as much admiration in the enraptured voyagers, as they themselves produced upon the simple hearted natives. But why need

we dwell on all this? Crowds upon crowds removed to these happy shores. Settlement after settlement was effected. Colonization upon a scale unknown in the history of the world, rapidly produced civilized and enterprising nations, where hitherto had dwelt the lonely hunter of the forest, or the indolent savage of the tropical regions. The new world proved a cornucopiæ to the old. Her products appeared inexhaustible, yet could they not satisfy the demands of cupidity. Her bowels were ransacked for the precious metals and jewels,—baneful fruit of evil,—demoralizing, grovelling passion!—her innocent natives were in parts exterminated,—in part expelled from their native soil. Still her new possessors turned the riches which she yielded to the best account,—they were venturous, but they were prudent; they devised laws for the general good, they rewarded plenteously the governments which supported them; and the land that gave them birth for the claims of kindred and the holiest obligations.

FREEDOM, at length, here took up her abode; but not in the voluptuous atmosphere of the equator,—not where the avaricious and cruel Spaniard, whose every step was marked with blood, whose every act was one of horror and destruction, pursued his rapacious course;—but in the temperate climate of the north,—fit region for the residence of all the sublimer virtues,—where every man can be lord of his own person,—where moderate industry being necessary for decent maintenance, renders in return a double benefit. If “*mens sana in corpore sano*,” be the highest privilege of a free man, in no place in the world is it more probably to be found, than in the United States.

Our fathers came from the land of the Celt, the Gaul, and the German; they were the descendants of the brave and the free;—no wonder then, that they were themselves the brave and the free,—nay more, that by leaving the seats of luxury and self-indulgence, they should retain the virtues without much of the vices of their progenitors. The labor of clearing and cultivating their lands, rendered them hardy and bold; the extensive commerce which the incomparable produce of those lands enabled them to maintain, taught them sagacity, prudence and policy. In course of time, an infatuated government at home, blind to the truth, that America was become a great people, well acquainted with the political state of the old world, and aware of her own strength, attempted to load the colonies with imposts, to tax them immeasurably, without allowing them a voice in their own behalf, in short, to treat them like the serfs of the feudal ages. Short-sighted men! They knew not what it was to rouse the indignation of free and *enlightened* millions, conscious of their own independence, able and willing to protect themselves both from violence abroad, and from injustice at home. They resisted,—manfully and successfully resisted. England lost the most valuable of her colonies, and the *United States* took their place in the list of independent nations.

In that independence she now stands, her relations with the rest of the world, as extensive as even the greatness of her territory could require, her friendship cultivated, her anger deprecated, her navy respected, her ministers honored, her ships ride in every port of the world, freighted with rich cargoes for change and interchange. The useful arts cultivated with an ardor more intense than any nation upon earth has put forth, exhibit an improvement in manufacture, and in commercial conveniences, fully commen-

surate with the pains that have been taken to produce them. Her habits are simple and her manners are frank, because she is herself free, and all her sons are equal.

Here it will be well to reflect what are our national feelings, or rather what are the international feelings between the United States and their ancient parent state, England. It is greatly to be feared, that some portion of the animosity felt on this side of the water on account of the injuries which we sustained, and on the other side by the successful resistance which we offered, yet remains in the bosoms of the elders of both countries, and it is also greatly to be deplored, that a bad feeling is kept alive by persons of narrow and contracted notions, or of obliquity of mental vision. The terms used by the low-bred jealousy of a vulgar mind, in denominating *us* "a nation of pedlars," and on the other hand, "the haughty, yet crouching aristocrat," as applied to the Englishman, are equally mischievous in their tendency, and contemptible in themselves. Every day's experience, both of the history and of the mutual communications of the two countries, gives the lie to these calumnies. Where is the theory of commerce, adopted by the Americans, more unequivocally and loudly admired, than by the English economists,—and where is our commercial intercourse more earnestly invited,—than by the merchants of England? Where, again, does the Englishman travel, in which he meets the welcome and cordiality of brotherhood, equal to that which characterizes his reception when he visits our land? And does he not admit it with pride and pleasure? The carping sneers of the malevolent, and the distorted descriptions of the disappointed, are not to militate against the fair and liberal accounts of the informed, the candid, the reflecting. In this world of imperfection and mutability, the bad must inevitably be mixed with the good, in greater or less proportion, in every country of its surface; hence feelings of a tendency *purely mischievous* will be found in all places. But that nations descended, and that lineally, from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, living under the same laws, and nearly under the same government, should entertain a mortal hatred and jealousy of each other,—and should endeavour to blow up the embers of strife, and propagate the seeds of dissention, by invidious comparison, or vulgar abuse,—is a lie of such magnitude, and a reflection so insulting to the national character of both, as to demand the expression of unqualified indignation and abhorrence.

True it is, that we boast of the high state of mental advancement, and the almost miraculous rapidity of improvement, in our country, in the short space of three hundred years, since it was known that such a country was even in existence,—whilst the progress of civilization, letters, science, and art, in Europe, has been the labor of many ages; but then we also recollect that our fathers brought them here, and that in the degree of refinement, America started from the point at which they had arrived in father-land. True it is also, that we boast of being free from the great mass of absurdities, both social and political, which are sprinkled over all parts of the other hemisphere,—the off-spring of feudal manners,—habits and customs engrafted in the infancy of European society which have

"Grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;"

but we recollect that in asserting our independence we had an opportunity

of framing our own code of social manners, of adopting our own rule of national conduct, with the experience of nearly six thousand years before us, and placed at such a distance from the other civilized nations of the world, as to enable us to try our own experiments without the fear of

"The worlds' dread laugh, which scarce the stern philosopher can bear ;" knowing also that it is easier to begin "*de novo*" than to unsettle old established customs. But we persevere in ours. They suit our constitution, they answer our purpose; every country has its own, each adopts from any other such points as are found congenial or convenient, and thus general improvement is propagated.

Again, it is true that the progress of learning, of science, of important theories, of all that relates to philosophy, is in England considerably in advance of us, as are also the lighter accomplishments; but we recollect that, as regards literature, the English are in continual, almost daily, intercourse with the scholars of Europe, whilst we are either left to our own exertions, or must wait for communications sent over three thousand miles of trackless ocean, with not only tedious intervals of suspense, but also frequent and total losses of valuable information, absorbed within the bosom of that unfathomable abyss; and as regards the external qualifications, we know that the collision of persons, like that of minerals, smooths and polishes all that come together, and that the acerbities of the nature and temper, like the points and angles of stones, are removed by being continually intermingled with others. Thus has Europe generally the opportunities, from which we are precluded who have a thin population spread over an immense extent of country, and duties before us with which the cultivation of mere superficial accomplishments are quite incompatible.

Thus, therefore, each country has its boast, each has its privileges; and indeed, if we would look around us with a truly Christian eye, we should find that Divine Providence has showered blessings, advantages, and happiness on all the world alike, and that the expression so frequently in the mouths of mankind of "*highly favored country*," "*land of peculiar blessings*," and such like, though it may be the effusion of a grateful heart, and is so far praise-worthy, yet it is also a tacit accusation against that same Benevolent Giver, of partiality in the distribution of His gifts; forgetful that His eye shines on all alike, "*that He sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust*," that it is not situation, local conveniences, fertility of soil, nor even political privileges, that can entitle us to use such an exclamation; for is not the poor Greenlander more attached to his country, and happier in the thought of *his* privileges, than the refined European or the shrewd American? The really enviable condition is that of him who can exclaim,

"My mind to me a kingdom is ;"

and such a mind is occupied by a better tenant than jealousy or malevolence. Such a mind is ready to thank the Divine Goodness which vouchsafes the ability to see and discriminate the workings of an *Universal Benevolence*, from those of a partial distribution of bounty; and the enlightened American and Englishman, can equally discern the hand of omniscience, as well as of omnipotence, in the changes and the distinctions it is His will to make over the great circle of humanity.

In connexion with such a feeling as this, and to end as we began, may we not conclude, that there may be *intellectual revolutions* included in the divine design, as well as there are those of a physical, or of a political nature? We have seen the sun of science, wisdom, and power, travelling, like the sun in the heavens, westerly. What is there to militate against the notion that our great western territories may hereafter arrive to the height of population, that the dwellers therein may be highly cultivated and informed, whilst the people of our own lands may have passed their meridian? Why may not the same luminary of the mind traverse the great Pacific Ocean, as it has already travelled the Atlantic, and carry in its train, wisdom, science, and art, thus gradually restoring them to their primitive seats, and completing the circuit of the world, perhaps to commence another and another round, till the time which God may have been pleased to fix for the consummation of all things.

In such a view, how petty, how insignificant is the strife of mankind, for individual or for national pre-eminence! How much worse, then, would it be, if two people, whose relations towards each other are so numerous, and so intimate as our own and those of Britain, were to cherish a mutual spirit of animosity and prejudice, which could only be detrimental to both! But it is our confident belief, that this is not the case, notwithstanding that misjudging heads, or diabolical hearts sound the alarm. The wise in both states will always cultivate a friendly union on honorable principles, and no possible power can ever hope to withstand such an union between AMERICA and ENGLAND.

J.

HERO AND LEANDER.

I.

BEFORE the fury of the blast
 The scudding clouds flew thick and fast,
 Athwart heaven's moonless canopy;
 And many a rocky island o'er,
 And many a far-resounding shore,
 Pealed in discordant harmony
 The sea-mews troubled scream, the billow's whirling roar.

II.

But not for sound, or sight of fear,
 The lover checked his bold career
 Midst Ocean's wildest revelry,
 While through the surge's smoky haze
 Yon turret's love-inspiring blaze
 Might gleam on his delighted eye,
 Dear as the beacon's light, to storm-tost seaman's gaze.

III.

But higher yet the sea shall roll,
A wilder knell the winds shall toll,
Above their victim's cemetery;
For they, who o'er the obedient deep
Their wave controlling vigils keep—
Such is thy meed fidelity—
Lulled not the tempest's howl, nor bade the waters sleep.

IV.

The morning clouds all pure and light
Glowed on the ocean's bosom bright,
Glassed in its calm tranquillity:
But though so fair the new-born day,
So fresh the dewy zephyr's play,
Not all the charms of earth and sky
Might still the maiden's breast, or chase her cares away.

V.

She only strained her burning eyes,
Where yon far city's temples rise,
Beyond the Hellespont's blue main;
For he, with whom—had he been near—
E'en pain itself might bliss appear,
While bliss without him were but pain—
Oh! was his bosom false—Leander was not there.

VI.

Where the waves kiss the yellow sand,
Downward she gazed—and on the strand
She saw the long lost wanderer lie.
But wet and soiled each lock of gold,
And every pallid feature told—
And the fixed glare of that dead eye—
How the heart once so warm, was pulseless now and cold.

VII.

She stood and gazed—and gazed and stood—
As though her young and boiling blood
Had cease her frame to animate;
She did not shed one drop, nor tear
One ringlet from her tresses fair,
In sorrow for her lover's fate,
Upheld all mute and motionless by agonized despair.

VIII.

She sprang, but ere she reached the wave
That yawned beneath—Leander's grave—
Her guiltless spirit passed away—
While from the sunless depths below
The sea-nymph's wail ascended slow,
Blaming the winds that they could slay
The beautiful and brave, at one relentless blow.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.—A FRAGMENT.

"They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn :
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall
 The day drags through though storms keep out the sun,
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :"
Childe Harold, III. xxxii.

THE heavy dew of an April morning still lay unexhaled on moorland and meadow, though the sun was already riding high in heaven: the light air came in gusts, fraught with that delicious freshness, peculiar to the early spring; every brake and bush teemed with life and motion, the small birds flitted from spray to spray, filling the whole atmosphere with gushes of rejoicing melody, while far above the noisy rooks cawed, and fluttered among the quivering branches, busy in repairing their wind-rocked habitations, for the reception of their callow brood; repairing them perchance to be demolished by the gale, which on the morrow shall cover the green earth with its icy shower, and blight in its first tender beauty, the budding vegetation of the year. Wild, thoughtless, happy denizens of the free air, we look upon your discordant sports, upon your fruitless labors. We moralize, and almost mourn over the disappointments, which must befall you from many a chilling blast, before the season shall realize its promise; and we forget that we, the boasted lords of a creation, the learned, the eloquent, the wise, are hourly "building palaces unmindful of the tomb," that we are eternally forming projects, and lapping our souls in golden dreams, which—however our reason may whisper that they can never come to pass—shall nevertheless sprinkle the flowers of our existence with bitterness and wo, as they melt like the haze of morning before the increasing sunshine of experience. Some such thoughts as these were passing through the mind of a traveller who was already on the road, even at this early hour. He was a man whose days had not passed their prime, although the frequent streaks of white that mingled with the waving curls, which might once have shamed the color of the raven, and the deep furrows which trenched his broad and massive forehead, might have become one many years his senior; his tall form was knit in the strongest mould compatible with grace, and his features, though obscured by a settled cloud of melancholy, were like the chiselled lineaments of some sculptured marble. The broad thick moustache shaded a mouth whose decided curve bespoke unconquered resolution, and the dark gray eye, so passionless, and even philosophic, in its present expression, had yet a something which taught the beholder that there might be moments, when the glare of its wrath would be scarcely less bright, or less blighting, than the electric flash.

His garb, of that fashion which has been rendered immortal by the pencil of Vandyke; costly in its materials, and rich in its almost gloomy coloring, was worn in a manner which, if not actually careless, yet showed that the wearer had long ceased to feel interest in his personal appearance.

In marked distinction to this negligence of apparel, the condition and equipments of the noble horse he bestrode, as well as the state of his arms—at that period the mark of gentle blood—showed, that in matters deemed worthy of note, neither care, nor cost, were spared. A huge grayhound, of the genuine Irish wolf breed, now trotted lazily by the side of the charger, now bounded erect to the stirrup, as if to claim the attention of his moody lord. The path along which he was journeying, at a moderate rate, swept in easy reaches through one of those tracts of forest land, which abound even to the present day (though in small and detached portions) through the northern counties of England. The land lay in broken swells, here studded with huge oaks, whose mossy trunks, and gnarled branches twisting their gray and shivered extremities far above the red leaves of the preceding autumn, seemed as if they might have rung to the bugle, or twanged to the bowstring of the Saxon outlaw: and there retiring into thickets, where the varnished holly mingled its never changing hues with the silvery bark of the birch, and the tender verdure of the budding hazel. It was a lovely scene, with all its accompaniments of animated nature. The deer couching in picturesque groups among the tall fern, the rabbit glancing for a moment through the bushes on his way to his neighboring burrow; the partridge, springing on its startled wing from some sandy bank on which it had been dusting its ruffled feathers in the fullest warmth of the sunshine. All combined to form a sweet though somewhat melancholy picture—melancholy, because it bore the likeness of a district, once reclaimed to the dominion of man, now gradually relapsing into the untamed desolation of the wilderness. The attention of the rider seemed rivetted on the scenery as he proceeded; his eye roved from place, to place, as if in search of some familiar object, and ever and anon returned to its gloomy abstraction, unsatisfied, as it were, in its inquiries, and disappointed in its expectations. There was none however of that bitter impatience, which the young and sanguine feel, when frustrated in the pursuit of expected pleasure, to be traced in the grave features and placid eye of the stranger. His thoughts seemed rather to partake of that stern and cold sorrow with which men are apt to meet a long-anticipated calamity, when they have steeled their hearts for its encounter; and feel, perhaps, even mingled with the very pain, a strange sensation of pleasure at the realization of true though gloomy forebodings.

A stranger, banished for years from the land of his birth; a wanderer, round half the sea-girt ball; a soldier of fortune, wielding that sword under the banners of a foreign power, which political and domestic discords forbade to strike in the cause of his own country; a son, estranged from his father by the cursed excitement of civil dissension; a lover, forsaken and abandoned by the woman he adored; with a broken heart, but undaunted spirit, he was now returning, after long and lonely wanderings, in calm and philosophic sorrow, to the home which he had left, in the fiery indignation of aspiring boyhood. Francis Audeley, the son of a true-blue cavalier, had been among the earliest patriots, who had seen into the grasping policy, by which the first Charles was striving to base an absolute autocracy on the ruins of an overthrown constitution. With Audeley, to perceive injustice and tyranny, was to hate—to hate, not silently, or in the

recesses of his own bosom, but in the free light of heaven. He resisted—constitutionally resisted—the encroachments of that short-sighted ambition, which so soon brought down the diadem to the block, and which has led after ages—so strange and unaccountable are the sympathies of mankind—to consider a false and selfish despot, in the light of a pious and unoffending martyr. The same crown of martyrdom, would have rewarded Audeley the same; and can it be that even death can assimilate a Hampden, a Sydney, or a Russel, to the tyrant who has undergone, for his crimes or his folly, what they might have encountered in the holiest cause which can inspire the eloquence of the orator, or nerve the warrior's arm—the cause of liberty. In her cause would Audeley have fallen, had he not by a timely flight escaped from the tender mercies of the star chamber, and the procession and pomp of Tower Hill. A fishing boat conveyed him across the channel, but not before he had received the tidings—as if it were not enough of calamity, to be hunted like a felon from the country he would have died to save—that he was disowned by the father of his youth, abandoned and forgotten by the betrothed of his affections. Years had passed away—flying with the speed of the hurricane, or lagging with the pace of the tortoise—still they had passed away. The free hearts of England had shaken off one oppressor, had striven through years of slaughter to regain their freedom, merely that when gained, it might be again surrendered to another despot; had changed a king for a protector, and a protector again for a king. The son of the martyr was again in the high place of his ancestors, filling the halls—which had been flooded by the gore of the faithful followers of his race, aye! of his own sire; the halls, which had since witnessed the unexampled rise, and enlightened policy, the hypocrisy or the enthusiasm, of earth's mightiest usurper—with unblushing riot and more than Babylonian debauchery.

Years had passed away since the nocturnal flight of Audeley,—yet no tidings of his adventures, or even of his existence had transpired,—his very memory had perished,—and now, spared by the tempests of the deep,—escaped from the stake and the scalping knife of the savage,—unscathed by the lightnings of the tropical tornado, and unwounded by the yet deadlier bolt of war's artillery. The wanderer stood again on his native earth, viewed again the green hills and beautiful haunts of his childhood, journeyed again to his paternal roof, with scarce an expectation of finding a hand to greet, an eye to recognize, or a heart to welcome the wanderer, long-lost and now returned, him who had been as it were dead, and lo! he is again alive. As mile after mile of his journey receded behind him, his features gradually lost their composure, in an impatient and excited expression, and his eye became anxious. At length, when the last hill alone was interposed between him and the place of his birth; the hill, from whose summit the scenes of his young exploits, his early loves, his long-lost happiness, were about to be spread before his gaze, yielding to the torrent of his feelings, he stirred his charger with the spur, and dashed up the long and broken ascent, now plunging through mire fetlock-deep, now striking dust and flame from the bare rock, as madly as though the avenger of blood were on his track. The top was gained, and beneath him lay stretched in far perspective the lovely vale, with the thousand windings of its broad river, here glancing like silver to the morning sun, there creeping away in silent ripples under

the shadow of bank and thicket. Cold must be the feelings, or heavy the heart of him who would not linger and turn again to gaze on so fair a valley, bounded by the heath-clad hill and blue mountain, rich in the luxuriance of cornfield and pasture, embossed with dark tracts of woodland, and broken by coppice-like hedgerows, whilst here and there the castellated dwellings of many a noble baron frowned from some bolder height, or the Gothic arches of monastic pile, or lowly hermitage, peeped forth from the dense foliage of embowering glade, or sunny upland. Cold must be the heart, even of a stranger, who could gaze on such a scene, without feeling his bosom glow with love towards his kind, and gratitude to the Creator and giver of every good and perfect gift. What then must have been the feelings of Francis Audeley as he gazed over that familiar landscape, unchanged and lovely still, when all but the face of nature was changed and gloomy; he saw beneath him the woods which had rung a thousand times to his joyous shout; the creeks and eddies of the stream, where he had mimicked in boyish sport the voyages of olden time; the lanes, where he had wandered many a moonlight eve, and whispered his ardent pleadings of love, to one, now the willing bride of another; or perhaps removed even farther from his reach, in the silent and shadowy regions of the grave. His heart rose into his throat, he struggled for breath, as he checked his panting courser on the brow; the memory of past hopes and joys crowded on his brain, faster even than the images of the gorgeous view thronged on his eye:—where was the spirit that could quail to no earthly calamity now; where now the stubborn resolution, which had looked unmoved on the fag-got and tortures of the Indian; where now the boasted stoicism which had borne its disciple through danger, pain, and sorrow, tearless and unflinching? The indignation of the exile, the pride of the soldier, the coldness of the philosopher, had vanished in an instant, absorbed in the mightier emotions of nature; a fleeting moment had changed the crafty politician, the deeply-read student, the universal traveller, the citizen of the world, into a mere man, as subject to his passions, as susceptible to his affections, as simple-hearted in his emotions, as the child who pours forth his first sobs and lamentation on the bosom of its mother. Francis Audeley wept,—he sat immovable with the large tears coursing one another down his cheeks, unwet for years by such a visitation, while the large grayhound gazed with an almost human expression of intelligence at the unwonted workings of his master's countenance; till at last, whether in weariness of the protracted halt, or in sympathy with feelings beyond the scope of his instinct, he sprang almost to the face of the rider, with a cry between a howl and a bark, and, darting down the hill, disappeared among the shrubs which clothed its rugged sides. Roused from his revery by the clamor of the hound, Audeley dashed the tear-drop from his eye, mastered the swellings of his heart, and pursued his path as stately and collected, as if he had never yielded the government of his soul to the violence of overwhelming passion. Another mile placed him before the entrance of his paternal domain. A towered gate-house, with large wickets of ornamental iron work, had formerly given access to the wide chase which surrounded the mansion,—but now all was changed,—the stained glass which had adorned the narrow casements was gone, the shattered frames flapped and creaked in every blast; the battlements had been hurled to the ground, and a part of the

solid masonry had yielded as it seemed to violence. Of two vast oaks, which had formerly spread their gigantic arms on either side of the entrance, one had been hewn from its very roots, while the rugged bark and splintered limbs of the other seemed to have suffered from a storm more fatal than that of the elements; the portal was obstructed only by a slight and inartificial hurdle of saplings from the forest, while the tall rank verdure had shot aloft from every crevice of the pavement within, and had even partially pushed the broad flagstones from their ancient foundations; within the grounds the scenes was if possible yet more dismal, the once trim ride through embowering plantations, now covered with dark moss, and overflowed by every rill which had long since deviated from its choked canal, showed no vestige of wheel or horse-track; the woodland unthinned, and neglected,—the trunks mouldering on the spot where they had fallen,—the very tameness of the beasts of chace, which had hardly moved aside before the horse of the wanderer,—bespoke in audible language the absence of the careful hand of man. By and bye the road emerged into the open lawn, whose carpet had been as soft and smooth as the velvets of Genoa, now broken up, heaped with rubbish, flourishing with the rank vegetation of years; and to crown the whole, the castle, the birth-place of every Audeley since the conquest of the Norman William, the boasted inheritance of warriors and statesmen, the proud domain of a line which yielded not in pride or power to England's noblest, stood a shivered pile of blackening and dismantled ruin. There needed no historian's voice to tell the soldier, by what fell agency such desolation had been wrought; the mighty sons of the forest which had stood unharmed for ages, felled from their stations,—lest they should shield a foeman from the iron shower,—the pierced and battered walls,—the ground yet torn and channelled by shell or shot,—all marked the unrelenting hand of war. Words could not have spoken more plainly to the mind of Audeley,—his father had defended his dwelling against the ironsides of Oliver,—defended it for the thankless tyrant, who had set a price on the head of his son; defended it, but to perish with the honored habitation of his race, amidst the downfall of the cause he had espoused. He stood a few moments in silence; bound his horse to a solitary tree, which had survived the wreck of its prostrate brethren, and passed under a yawning archway into the scathed and roofless halls. The ruin was complete, not a staircase or a ceiling had escaped, not a painted wall, not a fretted cornice remained to tell the visiter its tale of former magnificence. Even the eye of Audeley could scarcely define the sites, or his memory distinguish the separate apartments, once so familiar. He sat down for a while on the base of a fallen pillar, and covering his face with his hands, mused deeply, ere long however, he was roused by a sudden and violent rustling from the dense thicket which had encroached upon the precincts of the building; he rose to his feet, his hand glanced instinctively downward to the hilt of his rapier, and an inch or two of the polished blade was already flashing from the scabbard, when a noble buck, bursting from the branches of the shrubbery, darted through a breach in the walls, and bounded as if in mortal terror, across the deserted halls before the very face of their master. The gallant animal had already traversed the court, another instant would have seen him flying over the open lawn, when suddenly he sprang high into the air with all his feet, and pitching forwards, ploughed

the soil with his branching antlers,—rolled over and over from the speed of his previous career, even after life had left the graceful limbs, and before the close report of fire-arms had announced the cause, was already lifeless. The whole occurrence did not occupy the time consumed in the recital. Audeley had not moved, scarcely even thought, before the deer had fallen by the aim of his unseen destroyer; he was still gazing, hardly conscious of what had passed, when the hunter made his appearance through the same portal to which the deer was bounding when arrested by the fatal bullet.

He was a man over whose head some eighty winters had shed their snows, without impairing the activity of his frame, or dimming the sight of his eye. His form was of the largest proportions usually attained by the human race, and though somewhat bowed by years, which had bent without unhinging his firm nerves, manifested the possession of vast strength; his face burnt almost to Indian redness by exposure to all weathers,—his long gray hair falling down his bare neck in loose masses, mingled with shaggy moustaches of the same color,—his dress of forest green furred at the cape and cuffs, the bugle at his neck, the buskins of undressed leather, and the short carbine just discharged in his hand, proclaimed him the park-keeper of some noble proprietor. Francis Audeley required no second glance to discover the form and countenance of an ancient vassal of his father; the man, who had, in his earliest boyhood, initiated him into all the mysteries of wood and river, who had taught him to shoot, with that unerring certainty of aim which had more than once preserved his life among the swamps and forests of Virginia; who would have followed him through all the vicissitudes of his perilous wanderings, had he not himself refused to remove the woodsman, even at that period far advanced in his pilgrimage, from the place of his birth. His first sensation was pure and unmixed astonishment at the sight of one still alive, whom he had left so many years before, older even at that time, than the usual course of mortal life; whom he had long thought of, but as one whom he should never again behold on this side the bourn from which no mortal traveller returns; his second, was joy to find that time and war had spared one familiar face, one friendly bosom; full of this feeling he had already made a step or two forward,—when the idea crossed his mind, that he might obtain fuller tidings of past events by a short concealment, than he could hope to derive from the strong emotions, which he well knew the announcement of his name must awaken in the breast of so old and devoted a follower.

"A fortunate chance, my friend," he said, advancing from the ruins which had hitherto concealed him, "a fortunate chance, and a quick shot." The old man raised his eyes from the game about which he had been occupied, and, after a quiet but keen glance at the speaker, slightly moved his bonnet as he replied, "Aye! sir, aye! 'tis well enough after fourscore years of toil and sorrow,—but we must not murmur, we must not murmur;" then after a short pause, "that will be your tall war-horse on the lawn, I'm thinking, I was coming this way to look after his owner, when that fellow,"—giving the carcass a shove with his foot,—"*crossed me*, though what can have set the brute on the leap this fine morning is past me. You'll not be from these parts, sir, I reckon?"

"A stranger from beyond the sea," was the calm reply, "an old friend

of Sir Henry Audeley, and now a visiter to his mansion, which I find thus; do I speak to his forester,—can you inform me of Sir Henry?"

"No farther than all around you can; Sir Henry and Sir Henry's house fell together; and a happy man I hold him so to have died, with his face towards his enemies, and his good sword in his hand, rather than to have rotted in a gaol, or perished on a scaffold, like so many of his friends before him. I knew it," he continued, in a half musing tone, "I knew it; when he drove his son from his door, no good could come of it;"—suddenly his eye lightened as the train of his thoughts led him to a fresh idea. "You said you were from beyond the sea—in what countries have you journeyed that you know nothing of all this? It should have made a noise in Europe."

The intelligence was no shock to Audeley; his heart was already hardened, his understanding convinced, and almost reconciled. Moreover, according to the notions prevalent in that age, it was held a natural, perhaps almost a desirable end, to a life of activity and honor, if the warrior, with his years and glory ripe about him, "looked proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame." It was, therefore, with an unfaltering voice, and a composed though saddened spirit, that he proceeded on his mournful inquiries. "My wanderings," he said, "have led me across the wide Atlantic. I have been a sojourner for years in the new world that is rising by the exertions of strong hands, and free hearts—hearts that will brook no tyranny of either king or kaiser, beyond the western ocean. But, I pray you, tell me—what said you of Francis Audeley, he was a boy when I went hence—what of him?"

"Your wanderings have truly been long, one and twenty years have passed since Master Francis, as we called him—a brave boy and a fair, and not such a shot within the four seas of Britain—stood against the king in parliament, and was forced to fly to save his head. The old man would not hear his name for many a-day, but he lived to rue it—he lived to rue it."

"And you have heard no tidings of him since?" asked Audeley.

"None certain; a report there was, some six years after he left us, that a young Englishman, of his name, got thanked for conduct, by the great French general, in Germany, Turenne they called him; and then we heard that he had fallen before Prague, and Sir Henry believed it, and sorely he mourned for the dead son he had persecuted while alive; and then, long after—after Cromwell had burnt the castle, and the family was scattered—one said that he had met him in some far country; and I don't know, but I do think that I lived on, through rough weather and bloody days, to see my young master once again before I die—heaven grant I may! heaven grant,"—he was interrupted by a fresh stir in the same brake from whence the buck had started. Audeley's large hound, with his nose to the ground, and his stern waving high in air, dashed into the open space on the scent of the dead buck, came up to his prey, snuffed the hot blood, and rolled himself over and over on the carcass, heedless of the bystanders. The old man's eye, which had at first looked menacingly towards the intruder, on his demesne, gradually lost its fierceness in admiration at the beauty of the noble hound, and at length seemed fixed in wonder.

"It is the old breed," he cried at length, "and a matchless hound he is—Old Talbot every inch of him—but where the d—l does he come from?"

"He left me some two hours since," said Audeley, carelessly, "and he has crossed the scent in seeking me; I trust no harm is done,—the hound is mine."

"Yours! where got you him—say—speak—there are none other of the race in England! He must be descended from Old Talbot's stock—where got you him?" The hard features of the old forester worked violently;—suddenly a flash of recollection gleamed across his features,—*"oh God,"* he cried, *"my master, my master,"*—he threw himself at his feet, clasped his knees and sobbed aloud—not an instant, however, was he in that position, ere Audeley had raised and clasped him to his bosom, and mingled his tears with those of his servant and friend. *"My dear, dear master,—happy days are come again. The estates are yours—Old Oliver, heaven bless him,—or the preserved them for you—and you will rebuild the old hall, and marry Lady Helen."*

"Marry who—marry the wife of Stephen Hertford? Old man, your joy has made you mad."

"No wife," returned the other, "no widow, but your own betrothed and faithful"—

"Where—where?—I charge you on your allegiance—on your life,—unless you would see me a maniac before your face, say where," gasped Audeley, excited beyond all thought of philosophy, of pride, of aught, except all-powerful, all-engrossing love—love never forgotten—cherished amidst the wild deserts of the west—knit to his very life in the fierce struggles of European warfare—discouraged, hopeless, yet ever present—ever omnipotent love.

"When the castle was burnt, we fitted up the lodge for her as best we might, and there"—

"No more, if you love me,—lead on and that quickly."

* * * * *

The casements were set wide open to admit the first balmy breathings of the spring,—the matted creepers, which every where curled around the stonework with their fresh green leaves, quivered in the light air, and seemed to murmur their anticipations of sunshine and summer, and increasing beauty. The same breeze fluttered among the ringlets, and soothed the languid form, of one, who looked forth on the genial morn-ing from her fevered couch, with prospects, alas! how different! she saw the face of nature gay with the earliest blush of vegetation,—she noted the promise of the budding shrubs—of the bursting flowers—of the new-born animals—of the myriad tribes of winged life, called forth to activity by the unwonted softness of the season. She saw that they were fair and happy,—she knew that to these all present joys were but a foretaste of a fuller maturity,—that the swelling leaves would spread into the rich garment of the woodland, that the blossoms would fill the universal air with loveliness and perfume, that the insects would bask and glitter in the warmer noon, that the beasts of the field or the forest would grow in strength, and vigor, and grace,—that the great sun himself would mellow into more perfect day. And while these inanimate, or soulless things are drinking health and happiness from the growing year, is not the light already fluttering in her lamp on the verge of extinction? Will her brow be fairer, her bloom more transparent, as the days and months roll onwards? Alas! the brown

tresses—here and there tinged with a paler hue,—the sunken yet still beautiful features, the complexion too fair for health, and then, that ominous bloom, that

“——hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal, leaf-like red,”

spoke but too audibly the doom. The summer may warm the soil,—the birds may carol, as love or joy inspires them,—the herbs may shake their thousand odors to the air—but the sun will shine, the birds will sing, and the grass grow, above the fair bosom, now vibrating to the high passions, the warm affections, the sublime devotions, which can at moments raise the children of earth so near to heaven. In past years the world held not a happier heart, than that which beat within the breast of Helen Arnold. The liveliest smile,—the readiest tear,—the soul speaking from the eye even sooner than from the tongue,—the candor which thinks no ill of others, dreads none for self,—the pure love, reposed on an honored and honorable object,—happy in requited affections and in the long perspective of golden hopes,—had all been Helen's. She lived too long; she saw

“——rich dream by dream decay,—
All the bright rose leaves drop from life away.”—

She lived to see all friends vanish; some false, some fled, many fallen, on the bloody field or bloodier scaffold. She lived to know that he, to whom she had surrendered her virgin affections,—for whom she had kept a widowed heart—who had been severed from her, with a broken spirit amidst vows of endless attachment,—had forgotten,—forsaken her.

His last interview was all passion and despair; yet twenty long summers, twenty dreary winters had passed away without a line—a token—a message! Her earthly trials were near their term—yet a few more weeks or days of pain and sorrow, and the wicked will have ceased from troubling, the weary will be at rest.

A hasty step startled her,—a low tap at the door—it was opened almost before her voice had given permission,—and in the full sunshine stood the tall form of Audeley. She gazed long and wildly on his noble lineaments. “Have you too forgotten me, cousin Helen.” “Oh God!—It is—it is himself!” She rose to throw herself upon his bosom,—her limbs trembled,—the room reeled around her,—her eyes were darkened. The revulsion of her feelings had overpowered her frail nerves, and enfeebled constitution—

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A few hours later, in the same apartment, on the same cushioned sofa, the windows closed against the damps of evening, a bright log crackling and sparkling on the hearth; lay Helen Arnold—listening in breathless attention to the deep tones of him, she loved more than all the world beside. “Tell me,” she said, “Audeley,—tell me of your wanderings, and your wars; of your perils, your sorrows, your joys; you say you have fought in the sanguinary struggle of German warfare, and wandered for years among the savage scenes of America. But why have you never written, never suffered us to know that you were yet on earth? I will not blame you, Francis,—why should I? Why should I stain the few hours, that are left to me, with grief or lamentation? But was it not cruel, to leave us to our lonely affliction, deprived even of the last wretched consolation, the knowledge that you were in life—in health—in honor?”

"To what end," her eplied, "should I have written? What would it have availed to pour forth the yearnings of my spirit to the cold-hearted, or, as I then deemed, to the indifferent—nay, had I written, who would have cared to read the sorrows of an exiled, a dishonored traitor?"

"You had a father Audeley,—a father who loved you even in his anger. You had friends as firm, and faithful, as man ever numbered. You had"—

"All these," he broke in, "all these, and more—a father who disowned me, and discarded! Friends who in need and danger deserted the cause of him, whom they had followed in peace and prosperity! And forgive me, Helen, forgive me that I believed the hateful lie—a mistress—whom I adored as never man did,—for whose pleasure I would have sacrificed all here, and all hereafter,—who had forgotten her plighted faith, and withdrawn from me the sweet possession of hope, the only hope which could convert the world's cold wilderness to a garden of celestial bliss! I have sought—I have prayed for—I have courted death,—in all shapes the most abhorred of men; in the field, and on the flood—in pestilence that walks in darkness—in famine that smites at noon-day—and in each and all has your form been before my eyes—your voice sounded in my brain. I have battled with my spirit, I have striven to wrest the weakness from my soul, but it would not be. The bullet has whistled by me, harmless—the sword, merciless to those who wish for life, has spared me. I have reared a colony in the wilderness,—a colony that shall one day shame earth's mightiest kingdoms; I have been beleaguered in my log-built fortifications, with the yell of the blood-thirsty savage howling in my ears; I have seen my comrades perish in the protracted torrents of heathenish barbarity; I have seen the strong man reduced to the helplessness of the weanling infant, by hunger and despair. Yet I faltered not,—for that which was despair to them, had been a boon to me! I have borne all this—I have returned to look once more in cheerless sorrow on the hearth of my fathers, and the home of my childhood. Hope was dead within me—the spark has been quickened—quickened, but to be quenched forever. I believed you the bride of another—I heard that you were my own—through neglect, and sorrow, and desertion—my own true Helen! I flew to find you, and I have found you thus—Oh God! oh God! I have found you, dearer, truer, more adorable than ever, languishing by my unkindness, murdered by my cruelty—Oh fool! fool! weak, miserable, accursed fool."

The eyes of Helen Arnold gleamed with a wild and unnatural brightness,—her pale cheek burned,—her heart throbbed so fiercely that her whole frame, and even the couch which supported her, was shaken by its palpitations. Her voice lately so weak and faltering, was clear and musical, as if decay had not consumed her organs.

"Mourn not for me, my beloved," she said, "I am happy! Oh how happy! Hope has ever been my refuge and support; even the hope of seeing you once again, the same, noble, glorious being, who gained my girlish love. Happy should I have been, to have seen you thus, even had your heart and your hand been another's. What then must be my rapture, to find you still my own, own Audeley. Tested by all trials which most search the heart; sorrow, absence, time, even fancied desertion! Tried, and how proudly triumphant! Proved, and how much ennobled by the proof! I have loved you ever in spirit and in truth,—but never, Audeley, never, as I

adore you now ! Then mourn not for me, my beloved—I am going whither there are no more tears,—no more sorrow. If I have suffered here, I feel that my reward is to come. If I die, I know that my Redeemer liveth. We have loved much, and will not much be forgiven to us ? We are parting, love, yet *not* parting ; for what can separate the immortal ? We are changing time for eternity ; we are leaving all that is low, and base, and earthly in our nature, to live for ever in light, and love, and incorruption. If we have loved *much* on earth, how much *more* shall we love in heaven."

She fell on his neck ! her limbs were agitated for a moment, as if by an earthquake !—One long, long kiss !—

"Groaning he clasped her close, and in that act
And agony, her happy spirit fled."

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It had been a fearful night on the deep. The sun was just struggling upwards through a bank of dense and murky vapor, while overhead the rack drove land-ward under the frantic guidance of the tempest. The huge waves rolled on in unbroken ridges, towards the iron-bound coast of Ireland, with the fury derived from the swell of the boundless Atlantic. An inaccessible promontory of shivered granite towered, hundreds of feet, above the strip of sand, on which the surf thundered with a roar, that echoed leagues inland, mingled with the rocking blast, which wailed as if in mockery over the gallant hearts it had consigned to destruction.

The narrow verge between the precipice, and the stormy ocean, was strewn with shattered planks and cordage, broken yards and sails,—never again to swell with the breeze. Cast high and dry by some mightier billow, beyond the reach of its successors, lay a single body ; a large dog couched beside it, now licking the cold face and hands, that had so often fed him, with a low wailing cry,—and now springing forward with a fierce bark, as the great gulls swept so low as almost to brush with their wings the face of his beloved master. The body was stretched on its back, with the feet to the waves, and the face to the frowning heavens ; one hand lay on the bosom, a lock of dark brown hair, here and there tinged with a paler hue, twined among his cold fingers ; the other clutched, in the last unconscious effort of the death-struggle, that weapon it had wielded in life, so gloriously and well. It was the body of Francis Audeley. He had gone forth on his return to those western solitudes, less lonely now, than the land of his birth—he had gone forth to perish.

"'Tis well ! their fate is bliss—far sweeter
That both should die, than one remain
To mourn—a solitary creature,
Through wearying, wasting years, in vain."

W.

The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, by Carl Otfried Müller, Professor in the University of Gottingen. Translated from the German by Henry Tufnell, Esq., and George Cornewall Lewis, Esq., student of Christ Church. 2 vols. 8vo. (pp. 1080.) Printed, at Oxford, for John Murray, Albemarle-street, London. 1832.

THERE is perhaps no stronger characteristic of the age wherein we live, than the constant search after truth, and the unwillingness to rest satisfied with aught partaking of uncertainty or conjecture, which is becoming manifest, not only among the narrow circle of scientific and philosophical readers, but throughout the whole range of society. In all topics of a literary nature, whether relating to the political, or mental improvement of mankind,—to modern statistics, or to ancient history,—no more theoretical assumptions, no more wild speculations, no more assertions, however plausible or talented, will pass current, unless they can be proved almost to a demonstration. We see the reality of this observation daily and hourly growing upon our notice, whether in the senate house or the closet, in the graver labors of historians and naturalists, or in the lighter and more sparkling effusions of romantic, or even poetical composition. What deliberative assembly will submit to listen with decorum, much less with patience, to language however beautiful, to declamation however chaste, unless the object of the orator be to establish some truth, which may tend to correct the abuses of government, and add to the well regulation of political economy? Who will, in these days, sit down to study a history, which has nothing to offer, beyond a new disposition of the false and rhapsodical legends compiled from poets and mythologists of past ages, and handed down from generation to generation, a tissue of falsehood and folly?

Accordingly, in no respect has knowledge taken a wider stride than in this particular branch of literature. During the last century, the investigation of this science has been pursued by a method entirely new and distinct, and the results have been in the highest degree satisfactory; we allude to the application of statistics, geography, and averages,—whether as regarding duration of time, produce of soil, rate of population, or individual longevity,—to the purposes of historical inquiry; in addition to these tests of the truth or falsehood of traditional, or even contemporaneous history, we must not omit to notice the light, which may be derived from architectural and topographical discoveries, and, even more than these, from the consideration of the affinities and origin of languages, and thence directly of the races and tribes which have composed those states, whose fame is still the admiration and wonder of the world.

Heretofore, they, who professed to write narratives concerning the events, epochs, and motives of earlier ages, have been little more than translators and compilers; occasionally favoring their readers with a theory of their own, in a case of clashing, or contradictory statements, and not very unfrequently deserting, or even falsifying their texts, to establish some favorite system. The consequence of this,—to quote from the preface of the book whose title heads our present article,—has been, that “the pages of early Grecian history are, in the works generally received in this country, occupied with a mass of puerile and incredible fables, purified in parts of their more glaring absurdities, and reduced to an apparently chronological order. These narratives have been borrowed from one historian by another, and

repeated with as much confidence as the history of the Peloponesian war, or the age of Philip and Demosthenes. But where contemporary history is wanting, such a superficial study of the supposed historical accounts is worse than no study at all. It is better to reject all, than to believe all, where the alloy of error is large." We fully coincide in this opinion of the translators,—in fact, we go further; we will extend the remark confined by them to the annals of Greece, to all remote history. It was long ago proved,—proved to a demonstration, by Sir Isaac Newton, to be utterly impossible, that seven kings, the greater part of whom died by violent and premature means, could, during their reigns, have occupied the space allotted to them by the annalists of Rome. And yet author after author persists in relating the victories of Romulus, and the piety of Numa, with as much gravity,—nay more, with as many circumstantial minutiae, as one of us might portray the æra of George the Third, and the establishment of national independence. Do we not teach our rising generation to believe in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in the exploits of Hercules, and the devotion of Codrus, with as implicit faith as in the authentic records of the Augustan age? We do trust most sincerely, that this absurd system of teaching things to boys, merely as it would seem that they may unlearn them as men, is fast losing ground; it is by books such as the one now before us, that the death-blow will be struck, and it is our object, and our earnest desire to contribute, as far as our limited means will permit, to a better perception of the advantages to be derived from an abandonment of the old, and an adoption of the new school of history, which has taken root in the German universities, and is fast spreading its branches over the whole civilized world. Works of vast extent and erudition have long existed on these subjects,—known but to a few, and rendered absolutely useless to the many by their very magnitude; yet such is the perversity of mankind, such the tenacity with which we cling to antiquated errors, such the *reverence* we pay to the *wisdom of our ancestors*, that this knowledge might as well have lain shut up forever, in the brain from which it emanated; as far as regards the benefit it has afforded to society at large. It is reserved to the present age, to have produced a Niebuhr to throw light on the thick obscurity which involves the earlier ages of Rome, a Boeckh and a Müller to explain the mythology, and elucidate the political movements of the Grecian republics.

It is the latter writer, to whom we now call the attention of our readers, as the most comprehensive, satisfactory, and practical author, on the affairs and origin of the Grecian races, who has ever come to our notice. Of course our narrow limits must prevent us from doing much more, than soliciting the public to read and judge for themselves. To give a condensed sketch, of what is already brought into the least diffuse form possible, is no easy task; to quote, or make extracts, is from the very nature of the subject impossible. All that we can do, is to give our opinion of the merits of the work, and of the advantages to be gained by its perusal; and perhaps to strike out a few hints relative to the matter contained, and the order in which the contents are arranged. These two octavo volumes, then, contain a condensation of stupendous labors and great erudition; the information, as regarding facts, dates, and antiquities, is unquestionably correct; the mythological views are the clearest, the most reconcilable to reason and probability, we have ever met with. In short, it is our opinion,

that by a careful perusal of them, a man may do more to make himself acquainted, not only with the dry outlines of history, but with the domestic arrangements, the arts, the manufactures, the religion, the private and public economy, of the most singular race of men that perhaps ever existed, than by years of undirected and desultory reading. It has been judged expedient, in modern ages, and in all countries, that the young of both sexes,—in those classes of society which have any regard to a liberal education,—should commence their course of instruction, by study more or less superficial, of the histories of Greece and Rome. Nor can it ever be an uninteresting or useless pursuit, to inquire into the facts, and seek out the springs of action, among nations which have contributed so largely to the arts, the sciences, and the literature of the present day. More peculiarly interesting should it be to us, the inhabitants of the only thoroughly free government, the citizens of the only republic of the age, to investigate the origin, the nature, and the decline of freedom in the republican governments of old. To compare their ideas of political liberty with our own; and to measure their equality of rights by the standard of that, in the possession of which we so justly exult, can never be vain or unprofitable. If, therefore, we are to read, as at some period of our lives we all do, some histories of those ages, when the first germs of government were in the process of development from utter anarchy, it is surely desirable that we should read the truth; which, on these important topics, is now in reality confined but to a few, while the mass of mankind are deceived by a shadow, as different from that which it seems to resemble, as the *mirage* of the desert, from the cool and refreshing lake, in guise of which it mocks the sufferings of the deluded traveller.

Each volume contains two books; the first treats of "The History of the Doric Race, from the earliest times to the end of the Peloponesian war," and the second book, of "The Religion and Mythology of the Dorians." In the first, he has, we think, fully succeeded in proving, by a collation of the earliest notices of this race in authentic history, by a careful examination of their dialect, antiquities, and religion, and lastly by the agreement of modern discoveries with ancient tradition, that they were originally "from those districts in which the Grecian nation bordered towards the north, upon numerous and dissimilar races of barbarians;" that they were dislodged from thence, by the same perpetual tendency of savage tribes to crowd down upon more civilized regions, which in later times precipitated the Gothic or Hunnish swarms on the provinces of the Roman Empire; that they overpowered the more cultivated natives of the Morea, and established that dominion which lasted till they were in turn subdued by the Macedonians, who poured down on them from the same quarter, whence they had previously themselves emanated. This is, in our estimation, the more remarkable, though by no means the most interesting or profitable portion of the history. The sagacity, with which he has hunted out every trace from poetical or historical tradition; the certainty with which he has drawn his conclusions, the pains which he has taken to make each link of his chain sure, before proceeding to the next, is in the highest degree admirable.

And here we would remark one particular, in which Müller differs from, and immeasurably excels, almost every other historian,—it is, in attributing

the migrations of large masses of population, to the pressure of some actual causes,—such as the invasion of a more powerful tribe, or the deficiency of subsistence, working simultaneously on the whole people, and compelling them to abandon their ancient settlements, and seek others as choice or necessity might direct,—rather than to the will of individuals. Civilized nations submit their motions to the judgment of particular officers, savages act according to the guidance of their own unregulated passions, rarely committing any further charge to their leader, than the ordering of a battle, or the adjustment of a feast.

In this manner has he most beautifully unravelled the legend of the Heraclidæ, the banishment of whom from the Achæan territories, he has proved to be entirely fictitious; a fable coined by the Dorians, as an excuse for their forcible seizure of the southern districts, and unknown in lower Greece, before the arrival of their migratory conquerors.

The accounts of the *historical ages*, we mean the ages of the Persian and Peloponesian wars, although masterly and correct, are perhaps less remarkable, as differing less from the narrative of other writers. The second book contains an able exposition of the nature and origin of religion and mythology, as introduced and celebrated by this singular race; particularly the fables and sacrificial rites pertaining to Apollo, Diana, and Hercules, their peculiar and national deities. The third and fourth books in the second volume, which are by far the most entertaining as well as profitable of the whole, are occupied by a detailed account of the constitutions of all the Dorian states, showing the general principles from which their governments in no instance varied, as well as the minor points of discrepancy, intruded upon the uniformity of the whole by adventitious circumstances; embracing, also, their political economy, their laws, dress, military and civil establishments, the treatment of their females, the education of their children, and lastly, their arts, agriculture, manufactures, literature, and amusements both in public and private society.

Here we must again pause to express our regret, that it is not in our power to analyze his most excellent observations on the self-styled republics of Sparta, Corinth, &c. Republics in which the government was vested solely in the conquering Dorians; who, few in number, but strong in unity of principle, in the art of government, and above all in the science of war, were themselves free and equal; lording it over the inhabitants of lands gained by the strong hand of conquest, whom it was their policy neither to incorporate with themselves, nor yet to drive forth from their habitations, but rather to retain in a species of semi-honorable servitude, for the cultivation of the soil and the performance of other offices, which the haughty warriors held to be discreditable or base. It is to be observed, that all contemporary histories of political events, nay even of the government and manners of the Doric tribes themselves, have been the works of Ionic writers, who have rejoiced in contrasting the calm and sedate demeanor of their rivals, with the more showy, though less substantial character of their own citizens; the consequence of this has been a general disaffection of all readers, towards the nations descended from this calumniated race. We know, (for we have ourselves felt it,) the sensation of anger and bitterness with which men read of the success of the Lacedæmonian arms, and the fall of their more celebrated antagonist. We confess that we ourselves have

been ever hostile to Sparta. To our shame we confess, that we have considered their courage as a mere insensibility to danger, partaking more of the obstinacy of brute force, than of the high and glorious aspirations of humanized valor. It is to the author now before us, that we owe our conversion from such erroneous ideas. To him the credit is due, if we have been at length brought to see and comprehend the truth; for, from him we have learnt, that in many particulars intimately connected with the well-being of society,—particulars which *we* consider essential to the very constitution of a civilized state,—the Dorians were superior to the nations descended from an Ionic stock. We would be understood more directly to allude to their treatment of the sex,—than which no stronger test can be applied, by which to ascertain the comparative progress of nations, from barbarism upwards to the perfection of humanized principles, and courteous demeanor.

In proportion as states are free, and high-minded,—for slaves are always degraded, whether their debasement be the cause, or effect of their servitude,—so are females esteemed as the companions, the counsellors, the better-half of their husbands, as the adornment and soul of society, or trifled with as the toys of passion and soulless vehicles of entertainment. From Müller we learn that the Dorian, though born and educated for his country alone, though warlike in his feelings, and reserved in his public deportment, was yet, when at home, an amiable and domestic being; while the Athenian,—far more showy abroad, far more eloquent in the forum, and more captivating at the feast,—was but the admirer of personal, as opposed to intellectual beauty, and not the friend, the father, and the husband. Did our limits permit, we would gladly give copious extracts; in the full conviction that our own strongest endeavors must be feeble, when compared with the talents and erudition, which we are contented and happy to advise, even at a distance. If we could flatter ourselves, that these pages may tend to direct the attention of a single individual to the study of this fascinating author, we should consider ourselves amply repaid for the midnight oil we have expended, had we not been already remunerated beyond all bounds, by the pleasure we have derived, and the information we have acquired from the perusal.

This publication emanated from the English press, and is, as usual, elegant in its getting up, and perhaps unnecessarily expensive in its execution. Even thus, however, do we most earnestly recommend it to every scholar, every reading man, to whom science and truth are dear. Still more do we recommend it to the notice of publishers; we are certain that the introduction of such works as this would be hailed by all the literary of our American world. We are confident that it would amply compensate the cost and labor of a reprint; and should we ever have the satisfaction of seeing this valuable addition to the libraries of our countrymen, brought forth from the American Press, we shall feel proud,—proud that we have been a service to the lovers of wisdom,—proud that we have in a small degree contributed to speed the march of intellectual improvement, and the cause of truth.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise, when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?

Byron.

I stood beside thine everlasting wave,
 Noblest of streams that swell the Eastern main,
 My native Hudson---and I watched thy whirl
 Of waters, as they rolled by wood, or wild,
 Limpid and strong in gorgeous majesty,
 On to oblivion---and I heard the gush
 Of thy rejoicing river, in its pride
 Triumphant, giving glory forth, to whom
 All glory is, the Infinite Supreme.---

And musing there, upon my spirit came
 The light of times gone by, the memory
 Of earth's illustrious cities, prostrate now,---
 Athens and Sparta, and the queen of all---
 Rome eagle-winged, and elder yet than these---
 Vast Babylon, and hundred-gated Thebes.

I thought how more than blest it were, to be
 Blazed in the scrolls of fame, eternally
 A theme of mortal splendor; not like him
 Who as a comet o'er the ruined East
 Terror and havoc hurled, but nobler far
 As---who for liberty devoted died---
 Decius, or Regulus; or he who fell
 At Mantinea, prodigal of life,---
 Epaminondas. For with me, not all
 The bays of all the Cæsars can outweigh
 The act of either Brutus, nor the might
 And luxury of Persia's line eclipse
 Him of Thermopylæ. Anon there flashed
 Upon my soul the exulting thought---that thou,
 My country, to the liberal airs of heaven
 Shalt spread thy starry flag, with blazoned names,
 Flouting the planet---titles of old time,
 FRANKLIN, and WASHINGTON; and all who strove,
 Humbler though not obscure, in desperate war
 Of merchant barques against the veteran strength
 Of England's "oak-leviathans." Go! scan
 The records of the good---the great---the free---
 Heathen, or Christian---paladin, or peer,
 Of Arthur's table round---or they who fought
 At Roncesvalles---or in after days
 From Baldwin's ranks, or Cœur de Lion's host,
 Whitening the Paynim sand with baptiz'd bones
 At Ascalon or Acre---match me one
 Against the GREAT VIRGINIAN! Was he not
 A compound of all elements, that raise
 Our earthly essence, and sublime our clay,
 To God's own likeness? Was he not in war
 Unrivalled---sage in council---mild of soul,
 And humble as the lowliest? Is he not
 His country's savior, and his people's sire,
 Firm in the noblest of earth's thousand thrones---
 The hearts and judgments of his fellow-men?

MONT.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—We cannot permit our first number to go forth into the world, without offering some observations on the state and improvement of the liberal arts in general, and more particularly of painting, in the present age, and in this country. During latter times, much attention has been paid in this city to the cultivation of this department of the arts, and very signal has been the success, which has crowned the efforts of the laborers in the good cause. At this period we have many rising artists, some already standing very deservedly high in public estimation, and others giving by their early indications of genius, a promise of a glorious maturity. At the same time, our countrymen abroad are doing honor to the land of their birth, even while they are leaving the trophies of their talents on the other side of the Atlantic. In England there are no higher names, than those of Newton and Leslie, nor are the works of any native academicians sought after with more avidity, than the master-pieces of these two Americans.

Independent of native art, there are now exhibiting more than one collection of ancient masters, which would be considered an addition and an ornament to the most perfect galleries of the old countries; that in Barclay-street alone contains more *chef-d'œuvres*, than we any where remember to have seen among the same number of pictures. There is a Rembrandt—we had almost said, his master-piece—the family of De Witt; beside the rich coloring and unfaded hues of which, several fine Sir Joshuas look almost poor and meagre.—There is a landscape by Domenichino, which we most particularly recommend to the study of our own young artists, as being so clear and defined in its outline, as to afford the best possible lesson. We have remarked, that in this particular, there is an obvious deficiency in more than one of our most talented rising painters: that there is a *woolliness* of outline, and an indistinctness in their distances; and for this reason it is, that we would call their attention to this and similar paintings. Nearly the greatest merit which the works of a young painter can possess, is a clean and firm outline; for even if it should at first be carried so far as to become a fault, it is, at the worst, a fault which will naturally wear off by practice, and moreover mellow in the course of years; whereas, the opposite fault, haziness of outline, will become more and more inveterate. There is also a

Claude, not of the very highest order of excellence, but still a lovely picture—a sea-piece of Vandevelde, as cool and refreshing as nature itself. Two good Carlo Dolcis—a Caravaggio, exhibiting a magnificent contrast of strong lights and shadows—and last and least in size, though not in excellence, a St. Sebastian, by Annibal Caracci, unrivalled in drawing, anatomy, and *chiaro scuro*. Altogether, it is a most desirable collection, whether to be studied by artists, or admired by amateurs. It is of course needless for us to recommend our readers to see this exhibition, as we imagine that there can be few, with any taste for the arts, who have not visited it; and we are convinced that none, who have seen it once, will rest contented, without returning again and again, to gratify their eyes and minds with such rare visions of beauty. Having briefly noticed this fine collection, we cannot pass on to another subject, without commenting slightly on the pictures of *Dubufe*. It was our fortune to see that of 'The Expulsion from Paradise,' at Somerset House, during a visit to London, some years since.—And we then thought it, as we do now, a striking painting, of a bad school and vitiated taste. We do not mean to refuse high praise to the execution of parts, and some credit for the management of the lights, but altogether, we consider the story ill told, and the style exaggerated and unpleasant. Nor do we here give our own opinion, in contradiction to that of others; such was the feeling of the best judges in Europe, and such we know to be the opinion of many here, among those most capable of forming a correct decision on its merits. With regard to the other picture, we shall speak somewhat more fully. In it we can see nothing of any sort to admire—the execution is not above mediocrity—the anatomy and drawing of both figures is faulty in the extreme—the coloring of the male is absurdly effeminate, and out of character with the dark and manly countenance. There is no poetry in the composition, or excellence in the design. It is a mere painting of a man and woman, with nothing whatever to indicate their identity; they might be Jupiter and Juno, or Venus and Anchises, or any other couple on earth, or in heaven. There is no appearance of intellectual enjoyment in the features; none of that high and rapturous felicity, which we might imagine to be the result of unrestrained commune with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven. The sleeping lion is

the best part of the picture, and the only part which shows a touch of that poetical inspiration, which led the Italian of old to cry out, on the inspection of an unrivalled master-piece—

Anch' Io sono pittore.*

We have been perhaps more severe in our observations on this topic, from having heard it whispered—although we can hardly give credit to the report—that these comparatively uninteresting and inferior pictures, have attracted more attention than the matchless gallery in the vicinity of which they are exhibited. We hope this is not the case; and we hope it the more earnestly, as we believe that as much detriment may arise from the study of these, as there would be profit and advantage, in an acquaintance with the others, to our own school of painting.

BISHOP HOBART'S MONUMENT.—There has been recently added to the number of specimens of sculpture, in our city, a remarkably fine monument, dedicated to the memory of the Right Reverend Bishop Hobart, late of this diocese. The subject exhibits the venerable prelate just at the close of his earthly career, languid and exhausted, yet with his dying eyes upturned towards a cross which is in the midst of rays of celestial light, and to which his attention has been drawn by a female figure representing Faith, which points to that source of salvation. There is a holy rapture in the countenance; a faint smile, but of the most perfect benevolence, plays about the mouth, and the tempered light which falls through a stained glass window, irradiating with bright but mellow tints the projecting parts of the features, gives to the whole a most striking and elevating effect. The sculptor, Mr. Hughes, has proved himself to possess not only an extensive knowledge of anatomy, but also great taste and piety, in the design of this subject. There is a refinement of feeling displayed, in the devout and truly Christian-like resignation which the countenance of the dying saint presents, and at the same time there is proof of the accuracy with which Mr. Hughes has observed the physical powers of human nature, in the relaxed state of the muscles, the helpless weakness of body, the half-reclined attitude, in which the figure is placed; all indicative that the departure of a righteous man is at hand. In pointing out the particular excellencies of this fine piece of sculpture, we would say that, next to the finely depicted countenance of the good bishop, the best parts of the execution are the anatomy of the lower limb, with the slipped foot, and of the muscles of the left hand, both of which parts bespeak mere life without energy, and that life fast waning away; the loose robe also, so perfectly natural and easy in its folds. Critics however, are proverbially fastidious, and we dare not profess to be better than our neigh-

bors. There are in our opinion a few faults in this otherwise capital monument; and we should ill deserve the character for candor, to which we aspire, if we left them untouched. We think the uplifted arm of the female figure unfeminine, or rather not delicately feminine, the wrist being much too thick: the drapery over her head is very heavy, and unfit for that almost spiritual slowness in which the basso relievo figure, herself, is executed. The left arm of the bishop is too stout and somewhat too long. The monument itself is placed too high; which fault, together with the manner in which the light falls upon the countenance, precludes a correct examination of the identity of the features. These are however but as spots in the sun, the whole is a charming performance, highly creditable to the artist, and an honor to our city. We congratulate our fellow-citizens on such an accession to its best ornaments, and we trust that the time is rapidly advancing, when performances of similar merit will be found gracing all our public buildings.

ENGRAVING.

PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We were highly gratified by finding that there is now in progress in the city an engraving, from the superb portrait of Benjamin West, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which bids fair to equal the finest productions of the European *burin*. The plate, which was etched and partially engraved in London by an artist of high repute, has been imported in an unfinished state; specimens have been taken off, exhibiting the present situation of the work, and lead us to form a very high estimate of its future excellence. The back ground, draperies, &c. are in a stage of considerable advancement, as also the figure of the venerable president. The face, hands, and other most essential parts are mere blanks, to be filled in *here*, and we understand that the performance of this delicate and arduous task has been entrusted to Mr. Durand, whose well established fame gives every reason to anticipate that the whole will be finished in a style, corresponding to the labor bestowed on its commencement, and worthy both of the original—decidedly the finest modern painting in this, perhaps in any, country—and of the man, himself so justly an object of pride and respect to his admiring countrymen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEXICO AND GUATEMALA.—2 vols. 12mo. Lilly, Wait & Co. Boston.—This little work, beautifully got up, is a reprint of part of an extensive work published under the title of "The Modern Traveller," but is complete in itself. It consists of a digest of the travels and observations of the most authentic and judicious writers,—put together very methodically,—containing the greatest possible quantity of information of

* I also am a painter.

these interesting Republics that could be included in so small a compass,—and giving its authorities from time to time where necessary. It is illustrated also by maps and plates, and altogether forms a remarkably useful manual in what relates to the Geography, Statistics, Government, and Commerce of these countries.

HISTORY OF IRELAND, by W. C. Taylor, Esq., with additions by W. Sampson, Esq. Harpers, New-York. 2 vols. 18mo. Family Library, LI. LII.—The history of Ireland, which was originally published as part of "Constable's Miscellany," is now introduced by those judicious and indefatigable friends of literature, the Harpers, into the Family Library. But the publishers have not been contented with merely adopting. They have called in the able assistance of Mr. Sampson, who has added to the original work a most valuable supplement, detailing Irish politics, and Irish views to a much later period. We cannot too much applaud these spirited publishers on the present occasion; not only for the interesting work itself, which forms a most appropriate addition to the series, but also for the judgment they have displayed in selecting as a coadjutor on the occasion, the gentleman whose labors have so much illustrated it.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT TREMONT HOUSE.—2 vols. post, 8vo. Allen & Ticknor. Boston. The above is the title of a jeu d'esprit, a light, fanciful, and spirited little work, purporting to be Dialogues held and Narratives related at Tremont House, in Boston. There is a sprightly vein runs through these volumes, and the dialogue generally is well kept up; it has also some striking scenes and tales. The work is well got up, and would form a very agreeable appendage to the drawing room table.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE, by John Taylor, author of *Mons. Tonson*. 1 vol. 8vo. Harpers. We know not how to recommend this volume in terms sufficiently strong to convey our own sentiments. It contains the memoirs of a man in intimate correspondence with nearly all the most distinguished characters from the middle of the 18th century to the present time. The work abounds in anecdote and incident,—it never flags: it makes us feel ourselves hand and glove with personages whom we have long known by general reputation, but who are here brought to our firesides. It is superior to *Boswell*, because the author speaks of *himself* as the subject: and it is equal to *Boswell* in the graphic delineation of its scenes. We cannot but recommend the work in the strongest manner.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU, AND OF THE TWO FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES OF FRANCE, by Etienne Dumont of Geneva. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 399. Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 1833.—Through the whole department of literary and political anecdote, there is nothing presented to the public eye more replete with interest

than the work now before us. It has many claims upon our attention, but two in particular may be mentioned; namely, that the distinguished subject of these recollections was one of the most active and intelligent instruments of the French Revolution, and, that the author himself was a republican of the purest principles, and most enlightened mind. M. Dumont is well known to the world as the most intimate friend of that extraordinary writer, Jeremy Bentham, and was in fact, identified with that great publicist, inasmuch as their opinions were so linked together in the same works, that they might almost be said to be written by either. It is no small increase to the interest afforded by this edition, that it contains a brief memoir of the life and labors of M. Dumont, himself, written by the Genevais Editor. The body of the work, however, is that with which we have to do, and which contains a rapid but lively sketch of the rise and progress of the revolution in France. It is also interspersed with anecdotes, conversations, and most piquant touches; all bearing however, upon the main point,—the subject of the recollections, and the important part he played in the great drama then upon the stage. The present publishers have got the book up in a very superior manner; particularly as regards the typography and margins of their pages; two things of important use to a reader of observation and reflection.

CASPAR HAUSER.—An account of an individual, kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to about the age of seventeen, drawn up from legal documents. By Anselm Von Feuerbach, President of one of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, &c. Translated from the German. 2d edition, 18mo. pp. 178. Boston. Allen & Ticknor. 1833.—The details, of which the above title is a compendium, appeared some years ago in all the newspapers of Europe, conveying vague, and frequently exaggerated accounts of this outrage upon humanity,—this barbarous and diabolical cruelty. At length, however, we arrive at the authentic accounts, from the most undoubted source, written in a spirit of good feeling, as well as sound philosophy, and conveying, not merely information of an extraordinary transaction, but also particulars of experiments, that must be, in the highest degree, interesting to every one who is desirous of investigating the human mind, and its operations unassisted by external circumstances. The subject of this little book is still living—living in a part of the world the most distinguished for metaphysical studies. It is therefore not improbable that important lights may be elicited in mental philosophy, and benefit to society may be derived, even from a transaction so vile and inhuman as this most assuredly was. In the meanwhile, we commend the work to the inspection of the curious, in the confidence that it will well repay them for the trouble.

THE DRAMA.

There is, perhaps, more scope for criticism and remark on this subject—always so fruitful in topics for discussion—at the present time, than at any late period in our theatrical annals. We have at this moment two actors, avowedly among the most distinguished of their profession, in the opinion of the London critics, gracing our boards. We have, in the space of the last few months, seen two new tragedies produced to the public; one of native origin, the other a work of the lady, who, like the Athenian tragedians of old, unites in her own person the double attributes of performer and poetess. As regards the *KEMBLE*s, we can now only concur in the cry of approbation, which, had we been in existence at the period of their arrival, we should then have been the first to excite. We consider the father to be a chaste actor of high and polished characters; unequalled in the delineation of passions and feelings, as they arise in the breast of a gentleman, tempered by a sense of honor, by the deference due to his own station, and to the sphere in which he moves; a most correct reader, and in many parts, a most spirited performer. His best parts, to our judgment, are Charles Surface, Mercutio and Falconbridge—the latter one of the finest and most natural characters that ever sprang from the creative brain of Shakspeare. We would add his Clifford, the rather, that in our opinion, the public have hardly done it full justice. That the part is not one of extraordinary capabilities, we are well aware; but we think he does it to the best advantage, and that with an inferior player, the nakedness of the character would be glaring. As regards the daughter—not descending to the fulsome *verbiage* with which it has been the fashion to laud her—we hesitate not to style her the first actress of the English world, in parts of pathetic tragedy, and grave, or, as it is usually termed, sentimental comedy. In her readings, and many of her tones, she reminds us of her aunt, and although we never dream of her attaining the unrivalled glories of Siddons, we think that she treads close upon the tracks of O'Neil. While on this subject, we must not forget our own Forrest, and Placide. The former, as an actor of passion undisguised, and unchecked by the artificial restraints of civilization—of the sudden sympathies, and fierce outbursts of anger—in the savage, is as great as Kemble in the opposite line. Placide is never bad, never even moderate, often excellent: he plays parts of the most contrary descriptions, with the same success: his conceptions are good, his readings better; he is the prop of the house to which he is attached, nor is there an audience in the world by which he would not always be heard, with admiration, very frequently with high applause.

Respecting the tragedies alluded to above, our limits do not allow us to speak in detail. Of *Oraloossa*, however, as a child of

our country, we must say a few words:—As a whole, *Oraloossa* is not a good play; although some scenes are powerful, and the diction and poetry generally striking. The plot is feeble and improbable, the progress embarrassed, and the *denouement* awkward—in short, the whole labors. There is a sort of *wheel-within-wheel—undrawn* machinery about it, which is unpleasant; and in the three last acts, every scene begins and ends with

'Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums and thunder.'

We are nevertheless of opinion, that the author is capable of better things, but if he would write a good tragedy, he must not write it for any actor, however excellent or popular he may be. The present piece he has destroyed, by an overweening anxiety to introduce situations for Mr. Forrest, which he has done in defiance of the unities and of probability—and the consequence is, that, but for the player, the play would have perished. It would be hardly too much to say, that it is 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

We regret most sincerely that the necessity of going to press, prevents us from noticing the patriotic exertions of our fellow citizens, to do honor to one who has labored long and effectually in the cause of the Drama. The performance for the benefit of Wm. Dunlap, Esq., is a project which, though it is no more than a compliment justly due to the veteran, is nevertheless highly creditable to the liberal spirit of its projectors, and we wish it most heartily the success, which, we also doubt not it will obtain. In our next, we shall not fail to give a full account of all that may be interesting in this public testimonial, the results of which, we trust, will be not less gratifying to the feelings of all our readers, than to that of the distinguished individual who constitutes the subject.

Monthly Obituary.

Feb. 5th. After a lingering illness, borne with Christian resignation, the Rev. P. Duffy, aged 46. R. C. Pastor of Greenwich Village.

7th. In the 29th year of his age, George Clinton Talmadge, son of the late Judge Talmadge.

9th. Mr. William Curtiss, aged 73 years, a native of Fairfield, Virginia, but a resident of this city for the last 40 years; he was a revolutionary pensioner, and served during the war; was at the storming of Stony Point, under General Wayne, and at the siege of Charleston.

21st. During the session of congress, the Hon. James Lent, Jr., member of the house of representatives, from the state of N. Y.

23d. At Staten Island, Captain Henry Lewis Waderholdt, aged 63 years.

27th. Of consumption, in the 29th year of her age, Elizabeth Davidson, wife of John Evers, and eldest daughter of Thomas Swords.